

# THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

No. LXVII.

MAY, 1881.

VOL. VI.

## HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### XIX.

#### THE FAMILY OF GLENGARRY.

XV. DONALD MACDONALD, eighth of Glengarry, who has a charter under the Great Seal as "Donaldo MacAngus MacAllister filio et heredi apparenti Angusii MacAllester de Glengarry—et heredibus suis masculis de corpore suo legitime procreandis," &c.—of the lands of Glengarry, "Dry-nathane, insula de Sleuchmeine," &c., proceeding upon the resignation of Angus, dated 19th of July 1574.\* He was known among the Highlanders as *Domhnall Mac Aonghais ie Alastair* (Donald, son of Angus, son of Alastair), and styled "of Morar, Knoydart, and Glengarry." He has a Special Retour before the Sheriff-Depute of the County of Inverness, by a Respectable Inquest, dated 5th November 1584, in the following terms:—"Qui Jurati Dicunt quod quondam Margreta Ylis avia Donaldi MacAngus MacAlester de Glengarry latoris presentium obiit ultimo restitus et saisitus ut de feodo ad pacem Matris supremi Domini nostri de omnibus et singulis terris de dimidietate terrarum de Achiult et dimidietate terrarum de Torrurdane cum piscariis," &c. Et quod dictus Donaldus de Glengarry est *Legitimus et Propinquior hæres quondam Margarete Ylis avie sue*, &c.†

He has a General Retour at Edinburgh, under date of 27th April 1629, before the Sheiff-Deputes of the county and a "distinguished" jury, among whom we find the names of the direct male ancestors of the Chiefs of Sleat and of Clanranald of Castletirrim as "principal members," and expressly swearing to the legitimacy of Celestine of the Isles and Lochalsh, and the descent of Glengarry from him, and from John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, through this Donald, and, of course, through Margaret of the Isles and Lochalsh. Yet the modern representatives of Sleat and Clanranald of Moydart maintained, at least for a time, the opposite of this, and by so doing would have us believe that their own ancestors, who lived at a time when they had far better means of knowing than their modern representatives, committed perjury when their own interests were altogether in the opposite direction—against

\* Reg. Mag. Sig., Lib. 34, No. 110.

† Original document in the Registers of Chancery.

the establishment of Glengarry's claim to represent, through Margaret of the Isles and Celestine her grandfather, the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles. The finding of this distinguished jury and of the Chiefs of Sleat and Clanranald in 1629\* is as follows:—"Qui Jurati Dicunt quod quondam Celestine de Ylis de Lochelche Frater quondam Joannis Comitiss de Ros Domini de Ylis Abavus Donaldi MacAngus de Glengarrie obiit, &c. Et quod dictus Donaldus MacAngus lator presentium est Legitimus et propinquior Hæres ejusdem quondam Celestini de Ylis de Lochelche sui abavi."† We have already referred to the charge of licientiousness made by the Clanranald champion, in the controversy of sixty years ago, against this Margaret of the Isles. He has clearly confused her with her aunt, another Margaret of the Isles, a daughter of Celestine, who behaved so badly as to call at the time for the interposition of the Crown. The above-quoted documents, however, conclusively prove to those who required proof that the progenitrix of Glengarry was quite a different person and could not be the Margaret of doubtful character, who is admitted by all parties—even by the Clanranald champion—to have been a *daughter* of Celestine, while the Margaret who married Glengarry was his *grand-daughter*.

In his third letter to the editor of the *Inverness Journal*, dated 27th May 1818, "Also a Fiar Ranuillich," writing in defence of Clanranald of Castletirrim, says:—"I shall refer to the Privy Seal Record, where, on the 8th September 1507, there will be found a letter to the Earl of Huntly, stating that the King had given to Margaret, the sister of Alexander of the Isles of Lochguelch, Knight, certain lands during pleasure—that Margaret had 'applyit and subjectit her persone, lands, and gudes, quhether in lauchful marriage or otherwise, we know not, to Donald Mac Arle Mac Lauchlane Dowe.' Now, the designation of Margaret in this deed points her out, beyond a doubt, to be Celestine's *daughter and sister of Alexander*, designated of Lochalsh." After quoting other deeds to the same effect, he adds—"On perusing the above documents, it must strike every person, 1st, that Margaret, the *sister of Alexander*, was not married in September 1507, but rather seems to have lived in open adultery, so glaring as to call the particular attention of the Crown; and that this Margaret was afterwards Glengarry's wife cannot be doubted, when her designation is attended to, which is '*sister of Alexander of the Isles of Lochguelch*,' &c." It has been already proved that this woman was not afterwards Glengarry's wife, but her niece, a lady of the same name, was, and no reflection that we can trace was ever cast upon her character. In another letter the Castletirrim champion states that the lady "was the grand-neice of Celestine and the daughter of Angus, the bastard son of John, last Earl of Ross attained, . . . and this fair lady appears, from a document dated 8th September 1507, by King James to the Earl of Huntly, 'to have subjected her person, land, and gudes quhether in lauchful marriage or otherways we know not, to Donald Mack Arle Mack Lauchlane Dowe.'" From these two quotations it will be seen that the same writer makes her at one and the same time the daughter and grand-neice of Celestine of Lochalsh; and this is but one specimen of many such extraordinary

\* "Dominum Donaldum McDonald de Slait, Joannem McLaud de Dunnyvagane, Joannem McRanald de Yllantyrin," are the first three on the list of jurors.

† Original also in Registers of Chancery.

feats which he performs throughout the long controversy in which he was engaged for Clanranald against Glengarry. There is a case recorded in Durie's Decisions, under date of 26th February 1650 (Glengarry against Munro of Fowlis), and another dated 4th of February 1531 (Glengarry against Lord Lovat), where Glengarry's title, derived through Celestine of the Isles and Lochalsh, was sustained by the Court of Session expressly as heir to the Lords of the Isles, and the title to pursue in these two actions and sustained by the Court was a transumpt of three charters in favour of Celestine by his brother John, last Earl of Ross. In one of these charters he is called *Carissimus Frater*, in the second *Frater Carnalis*, and in the third *Frater Legitimus Carnalis*. We have already given Gregory's opinion of these terms (page 218, vol. v.), and it is held by those who maintain Celestine's legitimacy that "in those days of Papal influence *carnalis* was contra-distinguished to *spiritualis*—brother laymen and brother churchman." A strong point is made by Glengarry of the General Retour already referred to by a jury of which Macdonald of Sleat and Macdonald of Clanranald were principal members, and it is argued, "If Celestine had been a bastard, he could not legally, or in any formal instrument, be designated as the brother of the Earl of Ross, *being the character to be proved*; and as Earl John was attainted and his estate forfeited, no right personal vested in him could be carried by service or succession. It was otherwise with Celestine; he possessed extensive estates, which, though violently usurped by others, were not legally forfeited, and nothing but the plea of proscription and taciturnity prevented the recovery of them, as appears from Lord Durie's collection of adjudged cases, who, sitting as a judge on the bench at a time not very distant from the period of Celestine's succession, could not be ignorant of the circumstances of the case." This is a legal deduction which we do not feel competent to deal with, and only state it for the consideration of those whose training fit them to decide it.

There is an agreement entered into between Angus MacAlester of Glengarry and John Grant of Freuchy, dated at Elgin on the 17th of November 1571, by which Glengarry finds and obliges himself to cause our present subject, Donald MacAngus, his son and apparent heir, to solemnize and complete the bond of matrimony in face of Holy kirk with Helen Grant, lawful daughter to the said John Grant of Freuchy, betwixt the date above named and the fast of Saint John the Baptist called Midsummer next immediately thereafter. At the same time he agrees to grant to the laird of Freuchy a bond of manrent. Donald MacAngus, however, failed to enter into the agreement made in his behalf, and he refused to marry Helen Grant. The consequences proved most serious to Glengarry. In 1548 his lands had been appraised for satisfaction of a "spulzie," and sold to James Grant for the sum of £10,770 13s 4d, and in 1554 Queen Mary granted to John Grant, Helen's father, and the son and heir of James Grant of Freuchy, "the relief of various lands including Glengarrie which belonged to him as heir, and the relief of which belonged to the Queen."\* The estates had not passed to Grant in virtue of the above-named apprising, but they were again appraised in consequence of Donald's refusal to marry Freuchy's daughter. They are,

\* *Origines Parochiales*, vol. ii., part i., p. 185.

however, re-granted by Frenchy to Glengarry by a charter, already quoted, and confirmed by the Crown on the 8th of July 1574. In the contract between himself and Grant, Glengarry, in a bond of manrent which he agreed to give, makes an exception in favour "of ye auctoritie of our soverane and his Chief of Clanranald only." This is held by Clanranald of Moidart as an acknowledgement by Glengarry of the Captain of Clanranald as his chief. It is impossible to argue this away satisfactorily in the manner attempted by the Glengarry champion in the controversy already referred to. John Moydertach was then at the zenith of his power, and was *de facto* the most powerful and distinguished warrior of the whole Clan Donald. Glengarry's power was at the same time on the wane, and at this period small in comparison with that of his namesake of Clanranald. The necessities of his position might therefore have compelled him—as at a later period the same cause obliged Cluny Macpherson to acknowledge Mackintosh—to own the most distinguished and most powerful of his contemporary Macdonald leaders, the Captain of Clanranald, as his chief. In these circumstances, and knowing the man he had to deal with, we are not disposed to attach much weight to this isolated instance of alleged acknowledgment on the part of Glengarry, and especially when it is made in favour of one who could not possibly be Chief even of the Clanranalds of Castletirrim, inasmuch as he was beyond question of illegitimate birth. This point is at once and for ever disposed of by an entry in the original Record of the Privy Seal in the following terms:

*"Preceptum Legitimationis Johannis MacAlestar de Casteltirrim bastardi filii naturalis quondam Alexandri MacAlane de Casteltirrim in communi forma, etc. Apud Striveling xv Januarrii anno j m v<sup>o</sup> xxxi (1531). —Per Signetum."*

On the margin is an entry "x" showing that the usual fee of ten shillings had been paid by the grantee, and it is clear from the docquet, "Per Signetem," that it passed the Signet as well as the Privy Seal.

The reign of this Chief of Glengarry was an exceedingly turbulent one. From 1580 to 1603 incessant feuds were carried on between the family and the Mackenzies, with the usual depredations and slaughters on both sides. These originally arose out of the disputes between the two families regarding Strome Castle and the other property in Lochcarron and Lochalsh brought to the family of Glengarry by the marriage of the VI<sup>th</sup> Baron to Margaret of Lochalsh and the Isles. These lands adjoined those of the Mackenzies in Kintail, Lochalsh, and Lochcarron, and in the then state of society, and the feelings of jealousy which almost invariably existed between the clans, it was easy to find means of disagreement, heated disputes, and quarrels. Angus Og of Glengarry was a desperate and brave warrior, and he made numerous incursions into the country of the Mackenzies, committing with his followers wholesale outrages and murders, which were in their turn revenged by the Kintail men. All these proceedings have been already very minutely described from old family MSS. and other sources, in vol. iv. of the *Celtic Magazine*, pp. 340-345 and 361-369,<sup>†</sup> and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat details here. They will, however, be given in the separate work. We may meanwhile

\* Reg. Sec. Sig., lib. 9, fo. 72 b.

† Also at much greater length in "The History of the Mackenzies, by the same author, pp. 122-127 and 140-169.



quote Gregory's excellent and very concise account of these quarrels, and the result. He says that :—A serious feud broke out between Donald MacAngus of Glengarry and Colin Mackenzie of Kintail. The former chief had inherited one-half of the district of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and Lochbroom, from his grandmother, Margaret, one of the sisters and co-heiresses of Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh, who died about the year 1518. The predecessors of Kintail had acquired the other half of these districts, by purchase from Dingwall of Kildun, the son of the other co-heiress of Sir Donald. The vicinity of these lands to the other possessions of the Mackenzies had probably tempted some of that tribe to make aggressions on Glengarry's portion. Their intrusion was fiercely resented by that chief, who, in order the better to maintain his rights, took up his residence, for a time, in Lochcarron, and placed a garrison of his followers in the castle of Strone, in that district. The breach between the two clans gradually became wider; and, in the course of their dissensions, Glengarry himself, and many of his followers, fell into the hands of a party of the Mackenzies, headed by Ruari Mackenzie of Redcastle, brother to the Lord of Kintail. Glengarry's life was spared, but he was detained in captivity for a considerable time, and only procured his release by yielding the castle of Lochcarron to the Mackenzies. The others prisoners, however, including some of Glengarry's relations, were put to death in 1582, with many circumstances of cruelty and indignities. After his liberation Glengarry complained to the Privy Council, who investigated the matter, caused the castle of Strone to be placed under the temporary custody of the Earl of Argyle, and detained Mackenzie in Edinburgh, in what was called open ward, to answer to such charges as might be brought against him.\* In 1596 Donald MacAngus of Glengarry is among those chiefs who, with Maclean of Duart, Macdonald of Sleat, and Roderick Macleod of Lewis, made their submission to the Council.†

The feud between him and Mackenzie regarding their lands in Wester Ross was now (1602) renewed with great violence. On this occasion Glengarry appears, according to Gregory, to have been the aggressor, a position in which he was placed, partly by the craft of his opponents, and partly by his own ignorance of the laws. The result was that the Lord of Kintail procured a commission of fire and sword against Glengarry, whose lands he devastated in the cruel manner then practised, and carried off all the cattle. The Macdonalds did not fail to retaliate by predatory excursions, in one of which they plundered the district of Applecross, which had always before been considered as a sanctuary. On another occasion a large body of Macdonalds had landed on the coast of Lochalsh, vowing to burn and destroy all Mackenzie's lands as far as Easter Ross; but their leader, Allaster MacGorrie, in whom they had great confidence, having separated himself with but few attendants from his main body, was surprised by some of Mackenzie's followers and killed.

This loss so disheartened the Macdonalds that they returned home without performing any action of consequence. Meantime, the Lord of

\* Record of Privy Council, 10th August and 2d December 1582; 11th January and 8th March 1582-3. In connection with this feud Colin Mackenzie of Kintail was confined in the castle of Blackness in May 1586, as appears from the same Records and from the Treasurer's Accounts of June 1586.

† Ibid., 15th June 1596.

Kintail went to Mull to visit Maclean, by whose means he hoped to prevent the Macdonalds of Isla from giving assistance to their relations in the north. In his absence Angus Macdonald, the young chief of Glengarry, desirous to revenge the death of his kinsman, MacGorrie, had collected all his followers, and proceeded northwards to Lochearron (in which the Macdonalds now only held the Castle of Strone, with a small garrison), he loaded his boats with the plunder of that district, after burning all the houses within reach, and killing many of the inhabitants. The inhabitants of Kintail and Lochalsb having been drawn together in the absence of their chief, and encouraged by the example of his lady, posted themselves at the narrow strait or kyle which separates Skye from the mainland, intending to annoy the Macdonalds as much as possible on their return. Night had fallen before the Macdonalds made their appearance; and some of Mackenzie's vassals, taking advantage of the darkness, rowed out in two boats towards a large galley of the enemy, which was then passing the Kyle. Being allowed to approach within a very short distance, they suddenly attacked the Macdonalds with a volley of musketry and arrows. The latter, in their alarm, crowding to one side of the galley, already heavily loaded with their plunder, it overset, and the whole crew were precipitated into the water. Such of them as contrived to reach the shore were immediately dispatched by the Kintail men; and among the slain was the young chief of Glengarry himself, whose boat it was that the Mackenzies had happened to attack. The rest of the Macdonalds, hearing the alarm, and discovering their loss, returned on their own route as far as Strathordell in Skye, where they left their boats; and, proceeding on foot through the island to Sleat, they crossed from that district to Morar. Finding that Mackenzie was not yet returned from Mull, they sent a large party to take post in an island near which he must pass, so that they might have an opportunity of intercepting him, and thus revenging the death of their young chief. This party was only one night in the island when the chief of Kintail came past in Maclean's great galley, commanded by the captain of Carneburgh. At this time it was low ebb, and the boats of the Macdonalds were aground; but, in order to detain them as long as possible, the captain, suspecting whose vessels they were, pretended that he was going to land on the island. The stratagem took effect; for the Macdonalds, not to deter him from landing, retired from the shore and concealed themselves among the rocks; when suddenly he hoisted his sails and bore away from the island, and was soon out of reach of pursuit. When Mackenzie came to Kintail he observed a number of dead bodies lying on the shore, and was soon informed of the success which his vassals had met with. He then collected his men, and laid siege to the castle of Strone, which was, in a short time, surrendered to him, on which he caused it to be blown up, that it might no longer be a stronghold against him and his successors. After this the Clanranald of Glengarry, under Allan of Lundie, made an irruption into Brae Ross, and plundered the lands of Kilchrist, and other adjacent lands belonging to the Mackenzies. This foray was signalized by the merciless burning of a whole congregation in the church of Kilchrist, while Glengarry's piper marched round the building, mocking the cries of the unfortunate inmates, with the well-known pibroch, which has been known ever since, under the name of Kilchrist, as the family tune of the Clan-

ranald of Glengarry. Some of the Macdonalds, chiefly concerned in this outrage, were afterwards killed by the Mackenzies; but it is somewhat startling to reflect that this terrible instance of private vengeance should have occurred in the commencement of the seventeenth century, without, so far as we can trace, any public notice being taken of such an enormity. Eventually, the disputes between the Chiefs of Glengarry and Kintail were amicably settled by an arrangement which gave the Ross-shire lands, so long the subject of dispute, to Mackenzie; and the hard terms to which Glengarry was obliged to submit in this private quarrel seemed to have formed the only punishment inflicted on this clan for the cold-blooded atrocity displayed in the raid of Kilchrist.\* After this the two powerful families continued on friendly terms much to their mutual advantage, and that of the wide district of country over which they held sway.

Angus, the eldest son and heir, having been killed, and Donald Mac-Angus being now advanced in years, the actual command fell into the hands of the second son Alexander, known among the Highlanders as "Alister Dearg." He appears to have been of a much more peaceable disposition than his deceased brother Angus. His father, who outlived him, was very frail and confined to bed in his latter years, and after the death of "Alister Dearg" the actual command of the clan devolved upon Angus, or Æneas, son of Alister and grandson of Donald Mac-Angus, afterwards, in 1660, created "Lord Macdonell and Arros." That Alexander predeceased his father is clearly proved by an order of the Privy Council, dated Edinburgh, 3d December 1641, at the instance of William Mackintosh of Torcastle and others, for committing Angus, Donald's grandson, to Edinburgh Castle for refusing to exhibit several of his clan, named in the order, who had murdered Lauchlane Mackintosh and William Millar within the burgh of Inverness, upon a Sabbath day named "in the criminall letres" issued against them. Angus was in Edinburgh at the date of order, and is designed, though his father was still alive, as "the Laird of Glengarie, who is Cheefe Maister landlord to the saids rebels," and who "ought to be answirable for thame, and exhibite thame to justice conforme to the laws of the countrie and severall Acts of Parliament." The applicants pray that "the Laird of Glengarie" be committed to ward in Edinburgh till the said rebels be exhibited to answer for the said slaughter committed by them or else to take responsible caution of him to exhibit them "at a certane day vnder great soumes." After hearing parties the Council decided as follows:—

"Quhereunto Angus Macdonald oy (*ogha*, or grandson) to the Laird of Glengarie being called to answyr, and he compeirand this day personally before the saids Lords, together with Lauchlane MacIntosh, brother to the supplicant. And the saids Lords being well and throughlie advised with all that was proponned and alledged be both the saids parteis in this mater. The Lords of Secreit Counseill, in regard of the knowne old age and infirmitie of the *old* Laird of Glengarie being neir ane hundreth yeers of age; and that the said Angus Macdonald his oy (*ogha*, or grandson) is appearand heir of the estat, hes the management and government yairof, and is followed and acknowledged be the haill tenants of the bounds, and

\* Highlands and Isles, pp. 299-303.

such as hes ane dependence on his goodshir. Therefore they find that he is lyable for exhibition of the rebells foresaids, men tennants and servants, to his said guidshir, as he would have bene if his age did not excuse him. And the said Angus being personallie present as said is, and this sentence being intimate to him, and he ordained to find caution for exhibition of the saids rebells, before the saids Lords in the moneth of Junii next, and to keepe the peace in the meane time, he refused to doe the same; and therefore the saids Lords ordains him to be committed to waird within the Castell of Edinburgh, therein to remaine upon his owne expens ay and whyll he find the said caution, and till he be freed and releived be the said Lords, and siclyke ordanis lettres of intercommoning to be direct aganis the rebells foresaids."

By an order dated 1st of March 1642 he is set at liberty "furthe of the Castle," but to continue at open ward within "this Burgh of Edinburgh," Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat having become cautioner for him. He was imprisoned in the Castle for "ye space of 13 weekis or thereby," and, in the order, he is again designed "Angus Macdonald, oy (*ogha* or grandson) to the Laird of Glengarie." This establishes beyond question that "Alister Dearg" (as well as Angus Og) predeceased his father, Donald MacAngus MacAlister, and that, although he commanded the Macdonalds of Glengarry during his father's life-time, he never was, and ought not to be reckoned one of the Chiefs of Glengarry.

It should also be mentioned that hitherto we have not met with a single instance where "Macdonell" is used as the family name. It will be observed that during his grandfather's life-time the future Lord Macdonell and Arros was designated Angus *Macdonald*, and the first instance of "Macdonell" as a family name, in connection with Glengarry, is in the patent of nobility granted to the grandson and successor of Donald MacAngus, on the 20th of December 1660. The name having at that date been assumed, we shall also use it hereafter in connection with the family.

We have already seen that Donald's father entered into an agreement with Grant of Freuchy that Donald, his son, should marry Grant's daughter, and that Angus suffered seriously in consequence of Donald's refusal to carry out that engagement. She, however, appears to have been living with him as his wife in Strone Castle, Lochcarron, probably in accordance with the outrageous custom which then to some extent prevailed among some of having their betrothed living with them on probation. The inhabitants of the district looked upon her, erroneously, however, as his lawful wife; and one of the charges made against him before the Privy Council, in 1602, was that "he lived in habitual and constant adultery with the Captain of Clanranald's daughter after he had put away and repudiated Grant's daughter, his married wife."\* The author of the oldest Mackenzie MS. extant† refers to the same irregularity in the following terms:—"His young lady MacRanald's, or Captain of Clanranald's, daughter, whom he had newly brought there (Strone Castle), and had sent away Grant's daughter." This would go far to explain the determination with which Grant decided upon punishing the father, and insisting upon the penalties provided for in the agreement between Grant and old Glengarry failing the due solemn-

\* Letterfearn MS.

† The "Ancient" MS. of the Mackenzies.

nization of the marriage. It is from this position of affairs that any plausible foundation is found for the charge made by the Clanranald champion in his letters to the *Inverness Journal* in 1818 and 1819, that "Alister Dearg" was illegitimate, and that therefore the Glengarry line was in the same position as that alleged in the case of John Muideartach's descendants. This argument, however, could not apply, for it is admitted by all parties, including Clanranald, that a legitimate marriage had taken place between Donald of Glengarry and the daughter of Allan of Muidort or Clanranald. The only question which could affect it was a previous legally constituted marriage with Helen Grant of Grant, and that no such union existed has been proved beyond any possibility of doubt.

It is, however, hardly worth while to discuss seriously the charges made by the Clanranald champion, for he not only maintains that Donald, first of Scotos, was "Donald of Laggan," but that "Alister Dearg," the undoubted son of Donald MacAngus, and father of Æneas, Lord Macdonell and Arros, was the son of Donald of Scotos—the brother and the son of the same man at the same time. "Regarding Allister Dearg," in his letter of 1st of October 1819, he says, "I admit he was the son of Donald of Laggan." He has been proved to be the son of Donald MacAngus MacAlester and brother of Donald first of Scotos, whom Clanranald calls "Donald of Laggan." Stuff like this is almost beneath notice, but it was the only possible retreat that the champion of Clanranald could find from the false position which he had assumed; for he himself declares, when taken to task, that he never "attempted to insinuate" that Alester Dearg's father, the real Donald of Laggan—Donald MacAngus MacAlester—was not legitimate.

Donald married, first, Margaret, daughter of Allan Macdonald of Muidort, Captain of Clanranald, and grand-daughter of John Muideartach, with issue—

1. Angus, who died before his father, unmarried.
2. Alexander, known as "Alastair Dearg," who married Jean, daughter of Allan Cameron, XV<sup>th</sup> of Lochiel, with issue—Æneas Macdonell, created a Peer of Scotland as Lord Macdonell and Arros in 1660, and his father, "Alastair Dearg," having died before his grandfather, Donald MacAngus, succeeded the latter in the lands and as Chief of Glengarry.
3. Donald, first of Scotus, or Scothouse, who married Mary (?), daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, with issue—Reginald, second of Scotus, who married a daughter of Macleod of Macleod, with issue—"Alastair Dubh" Macdonell (who succeeded to Glengarry on the death, without lawful issue, in 1682, of his cousin, Lord Macdonell and Arros), and four other sons, of whom hereafter.

4. John, known as "Ian Mor," from whom the family of Ard-na-heare, all of whom emigrated to America.

5. John, or Ian O'g, whose descendants also went to America.

He is said to have married secondly a daughter of Macdonell of Keppoch. He died at an extreme old age—over a hundred—on Sunday, the 2d of February 1645, the same day on which the great Montrose victoriously fought the battle of Inverlochy, aided by the men of Glengarry, under Donald MacAlester's grandson and successor.

(To be Continued.)

## TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

## RORY OF THE GLEN AND THE SMUGGLER.

DURING one of my frequent botanical excursions in the Highlands, I one day rambled further than usual, and so engrossed was I in the pursuit of my favourite science that I "lost my bearings" as a sailor would say, and was uncertain in what direction to turn to regain my lodging. I stood on the level summit of a range of very precipitous rocks, which commanded an extensive prospect of the subjacent valley, which I knew was called Glenaverrain, and as I looked in all directions in dire perplexity, I was greatly relieved to see a shepherd, accompanied by his collie, approaching me. Quickening my flagging steps I soon joined him, and in answer to my enquiries, I found that I was much further from my destination than was at all pleasant for a tired pedestrian. The shepherd was evidently pleased to meet with some one to have a "crack" with, to relieve the tedious monotony of his solitary employment, and I found him a very intelligent, sensible man, who, though quite uneducated, evinced, by his quaint and original remarks, a fund of common sense and dry humour. In short, we were mutually pleased with each other's company, and, finding I was so far out of my way, he kindly invited me to spend the night at his cottage, where he assured me his wife, Erich, would make me comfortable as well as welcome; for during the summer season she always kept the house in readiness to receive visitors, who, like myself, traversed these remote parts in pursuit of science or pleasure.

"Last year," said Allan, "there was a fine, frank fellow in your own line that spent a few nights with us, and seemed very well pleased with our homely way. He said he came from Edinbro', and that his name was Graham. I'm thinking, though he did not tell me, he was one of the folk they call professors there."

Making due acknowledgments to my hospitable friend, I readily agreed to accept of the shelter of a roof, however humble, that had been honoured by the presence of one for whom I entertained so much esteem, and who has done so much to enrich the department of science in which he has so long and so industriously laboured. With some difficulty the shepherd made me discern his little hut, situated in a solitary nook at a considerable distance in the deep hollow of the mountains. Having engaged to meet him there by dusk, I took temporary leave of him, and commenced my sauntering way, along the brow of the precipice, not a little pleased with myself in having been able meanwhile to give to my honest friend kindly advice which I hoped would be useful to him and his family. Some time insensibly passed away while I was threading my downward way through the rocks, occasionally turning aside by a ravine, or goat path, to examine some tempting tuft of herbage that attracted my eye. While scrambling to reach a bed of saxifrage, a distant growling noise arrested my attention, and on looking around for its cause, I discovered that the sky meantime had become suddenly overcast, and that a dense mass of



towering thunder clouds was fast approaching me. As soon as I had secured my specimen, my sole concern was to look for some convenient place where I might take refuge from the violence of the coming storm, of which I had already received repeated warnings in the vivid flashes of lightning and the deepening peals of thunder by which they were succeeded.

The darkened prospect around and beneath me, sufficiently wild at any time, had now assumed the still and solemn aspect of awful expectation which nature usually puts on when the elements are about to join in dreadful conflict. I soon found a retreat under a projecting crag, where no drop of rain could penetrate, and here, perched like an eagle on his eyrie, I set myself to watch with a satisfaction, not unmingled with awe, the mustering horrors of the scene. The electrified cloud already rested on the tall cliffs directly opposite to that in which I lay ensconced, and seemed rapidly advancing towards me. I could scarcely see the bottom of the valley amidst the lurid shade that brooded over it. But as far as my eye could reach I beheld the bleating flocks crowding together in their alarm, now running, they knew not whither, during the thunder-peal, and again halting after it had died away, to gaze on each other with stupid amazement. The bird of Jove himself appearing to have deserted the charge which the ancients had assigned him, now slowly descended from his ethereal height, and after making several majestic swoops, on a level with my eye, as if to satisfy himself of the security of his abode, made a rapid turn, in which I distinctly heard the sound of his tawny pinions, and took possession of his asylum in the bosom of the precipice beneath me. The only living creatures that seemed to enjoy the deepening gloom were the swarms of rock-swallows, which, as the horrors thickened, continued to skim the dark abyss in increasing numbers and with more noisy chirp, till at length even they were driven by the thickening drops of rain from their careerings in the sky to seek for shelter in their "clay-built citadels." Now the tempest raged in all its dread magnificence. It seemed as if nature were trying to array herself in her most terrible majesty. The deeply charged cloud now burst around the lofty rock where I lay. Each vivid flash was instantly followed by a deafening peal which rolled, in deep reverberations, from cliff to cliff, and before its echoes had ceased to send back their long protracted answers another peal followed to sustain the awful sound of "heaven's dread artillery." A sulphurous odour diffused itself around me, and every moment I expected a resistless bolt to strike the rock beside me.

At length the violence of the storm abated, the war of the elements gradually ceased, the rain abated its force, and the murky vapours, though they did not entirely disperse, became greatly rarified. I still remained snug in my rocky shelter, expecting that the atmosphere would clear sufficiently to permit of my leaving my retreat. I waited in vain till the approach of night admonished me that I would require all the remaining light of day to make my way to Allan's dwelling. The thick fog in which I was enveloped, and my ignorance of the ground, combined to render my position somewhat hazardous. To find a safe descent to the bottom of the valley was what I now tried to discover, and I made several fruitless attempts to descend. Wherever I found an opening among the rocks, my way was always interrupted by

some steep precipice, or some impassible ravine; and by tedious clambering, in various directions, and groping my way in the mist, through crags, dens, and swollen torrents, where one false step would have been fatal, the daylight was almost entirely gone before I could emerge from the obscuring vapours and reach the hollow of the glen. The shepherd's shealing, though no longer visible, I knew to be still several miles distant, and I was unacquainted with the right road to it. I pushed forward, however, in the direction in which it stood for the space of about two miles, till I found my progress arrested by the junction of two boisterous torrents, which enclosed me between them. Never did benighted wanderer find himself in a more pitiable position. I hurried from one hillock to another. I explored first one stream and then the other, in search of some practicable passage, but all in vain. The twilight was thus consumed to no purpose. The impetuous torrents, foaming and bounding along from rock to rock in its stormy channels, laughed to scorn all my idle attempts. I now could see no alternative but to pass the night, which had closed in, pitch-dark, around me as I best could, exposed to the still drizzling rain, and the importunities of a craving appetite.

Thus beset I began to soliloquize in no very pleasing mood--"Alas, my day's adventures have had but a sorry termination." "Il di loda la sera," says the poet; and there is reason in the remark. Would that I had remained in my snug retreat up yonder, on the brink of Craig-an-eirigh, where at least I should have had the comfort of a dry though hard resting-place; but let me cheer up, a summer's night, however wet, and the cravings of hunger, however clamorous, will soon pass away, and so reasoning I began to move about to try and restore the circulation of my benumbed limbs. I found a small space of level ground, beside one of the streams, where I walked to and fro like a sentinel on duty, gazing from time to time on the white foam which I could faintly see glancing past me in the pitchy darkness. I thought on poor Allan and his probable fate, but knowing his familiarity with those wilds my mind was soon set at ease regarding him. He is even now most likely, said I, in his cosy shealing enjoying all the comforts of home with his Ericht, and moreover may be giving a kind thought to the wandering stranger. The belief of the honest-hearted shepherd's sympathy had comfort in it, and contributed not a little to tranquillize my mind.

Fancy now began to wander and dwelt on the various sorts of superstitions prevalent in those mountain districts. I am not subject to visionary terrors, but the candid mind must admit that the strongest theoretic convictions are not always sufficient to resist the influence of powerful associations, such as those in the midst of which I now found myself placed. Tales of horror which had clung to my memory from infancy, or which I had heard in the course of my Highland wanderings, now crowded on my mind, and the feelings which they awakened within me were far from agreeable. My eyes betrayed a perverse inclination to distort every object of which they could obtain a faint glimpse in the darkness, and to array it in uncouth or fantastic attributes. A foaming cascade readily assumed the appearance of a sheeted ghost; and an isolated piece of rock became a hideous water fiend. My ears grew equally expert amidst the hoarse murmur of the torrent in distinguishing

the articulate voices of the spirits of the flood or fell. But hark! that was surely something more than phantasy! Did I not hear a shrill cry, a full octave higher than the bass tones of the waters? Withdrawing a few paces from the stream I put myself in a listening attitude. In about five minutes more the cry was repeated—a loud, prolonged, heart-piercing cry that rung from crag to crag, and then died mournfully away on my ear.

If a creeping horror now seized my trembling limbs, and my mind was possessed by an appalling sense of something dreadful being nigh, I trust the indulgent reader will not withhold his sympathy from me. Such a shriek at such a time and in such a place, might have startled the strongest nerves, and was by far too distinct and certain to be referred to any fanciful illusion. But methinks I hear some one say "Bah! it was nothing but the screech owl, or the eagle, or the she-fox, on the hill-side." So also did I endeavour to think, though the sound differed widely from that of any owl, or eagle, or fox which I had ever heard. By-and-bye it rung again in my ears—"more deep, more piercing loud," and proceeded, as I supposed, from the side of a hill over against me. Spell-bound, I stood and listened to catch again the sound of that weird cry, as if all my faculties had been concentrated in the tympanum of my ear. Again and again it was repeated, remaining stationary, but becoming gradually fainter, till at last it seemed to cease entirely, and I resumed my walk beside the stream. The impetuosity of the torrent was not sensibly diminished, for there was a constant drizzle which sometimes increased to a pelting shower, and my clothes were so completely saturated by it that I might be said, in common parlance, not to have a "dry stitch on me."

In this uncomfortable state of things I continued walking up and down the little patch of green grass, when suddenly a glimmering light burst upon my eye. "Ha! here comes 'Jack O'Lantern' next, to add to this night's store of spectre sights and sounds. Surely this is haunted ground that my feet have stumbled on. But let me see if this be Jack or no." For several minutes I watched this new object with attention. It remained in the same place, but sufficiently distinct, apparently, about half-a-mile distant, and in a direction opposite to that of all the habitable parts of the glen; so that it seemed unlikely to come from any human dwelling. Besides, Allar had assured me that his shealing was the nearest in the glen, and it was still several miles distant. This then must be none else than Jack O'Lantern himself, and as he did not seem disposed to come to me, I resolved to try if I could get nearer to him. Often did I lose sight of the glimmering object I was in search of as I crossed some deep hollow or clambered among the rocky banks of the stream, and at length I began to suspect it had vanished entirely, when suddenly it burst again upon my view, at the distance of a few paces, as I turned the point of a projecting rock. I paused to make observations, and saw before me a strong and steady light that proceeded from a rugged hollow close by a fall of one of the streams within which I was enclosed. When I had cautiously approached it I found myself beside a rude hut, constructed of turf, and constituting the laboratory of a manufacturer of *aqua vita*, alias, the whisky *bothie* of a Highland smuggler. Groping about with the greatest care, I endeavoured to get a view of the interior before

I ventured to solicit admission. Having reached a hole on the roof which served to answer the double purpose of window and chimney, I peeped in, and there beheld a rough shock-headed personage, of sufficiently forbidding aspect, smoking a short tobacco pipe, and basking before a blazing peat fire, while he watched the operations of his still. The ruddy light, thrown upon his grim visage, greatly heightened its natural fiery hue, flanked as it was by a pair of overgrown red whiskers, which a grisly beard threatened soon to emulate in length and colour. Having feasted my eyes for a while on this attractive object, I next surveyed the other contents of his den so far as my range of vision went. These consisted of the usual apparatus and necessities for illicit distillation in such situations ; I could see no symptoms of any living inhabitant but himself.

In any other circumstances I would have been loth to obtrude myself on the notice and hospitality of one whose aspect was so far from being inviting, but I had already experienced enough of the horrors of that dreary night to make me hail with joy any face that bore on it, however faintly impressed, the undoubted stamp of humanity. In the coarsest countenance of man I could then have easily persuaded myself that I beheld something divine. Without a moment's hesitation I made the best of my way to the door, and having put aside an empty sack or piece of dirty canvas, which was hung across it to exclude the violence of the weather, I entered unceremoniously. The noise I made attracted the smuggler's attention. He started, turned round, took his pipe from his mouth, discharged a whiff of smoke, and with a pair of grey eyes almost bursting from their sockets, examined me suspiciously from head to foot. He made no motion, however, to grasp the rusty claymore, which I now for the first time observed lying nigh to him, nor did he betray any symptom of hostility towards me. The expression which marked his features seemed that of superstitious dread, and when I bethought me of all the circumstances of the case, especially the alarming sounds from the opposite hill which he too might have so lately heard, "the witching hour of night" when I presented myself, the dripping, pale, and haggard appearance of my own person, and the grave silence which I still maintained, I could readily find an excuse for the distrustful glance and the strangeness of manner with which he received my intrusion.

"A dismal night, good friend," I at last exclaimed.

"Aye," was the only answer he returned, and even that little word was pronounced with a quivering hesitation which plainly betrayed the effort which it cost the speaker.

"Excuse my intruding on you ; I have been benighted among these hills and, attracted by the light from your dwelling, I have made bold to enter."

"You're welcome," was his brief reply, uttered, however, in a tone that seemed to belie his words, but having resolved to make myself at home if at all possible, I waited for no further encouragement, and so advanced towards the fire.

The smuggler hastily vacated with backward motion his seat for me, and, still keeping a respectful distance, never withdrawing his eyes from me, took up his position in the opposite corner beside his refrigeratory. When I had seated myself I proceeded with my attempts to draw my singular host into conversation ; but for some time his answers

to my questions and remarks were couched in mere monosyllables, and uttered with the same stupid air. Becoming familiarized to me, by degrees he at last seemed satisfied that I consisted of flesh and blood like himself, and then bethought himself of some of those rites of hospitality which my case so obviously required. He now laid his hands on a large Dutch dram-glass, which, by some mishap, had lost its pedestal, and having filled it to the brim with his sparkling distillation, said "Here's t' ye," and then tasted it himself, and afterwards handed it to me, remarking that I would be "a' the better o' the dram." He found but little urging necessary; and when, together with his own health, I drank to the prosperity of "the ewie wi' the crooked horn," and liberally complimented him on the excellency of the spirit, his benevolence to his guest seemed to increase rapidly. He proposed that I should divest myself of my wet garments, and wrap myself up in his ample plaid till they could be dried beside the fire, as he had no other change of apparel to offer me. I accordingly stripped, and then, stretching myself before the blazing "ingle," I experienced a degree of comfort which formed a pleasing contrast with the recent irksomeness of my feelings. My host next asked whether I had such an appetite as would make the homely fare he could lay before me palatable, and being thankfully answered in the affirmative he soon produced a preparation of oat meal which, though manufactured by hands not fastidiously neat, was the most acceptable repast I had ever tasted, even with the help of hunger's sauce. By this time the red smuggler and I were on sufficiently gracious terms; and he made it appear that the proverbial courtesy of the Scottish Highlander is not inconsistent with the most forbidding exterior.

"Pray," said I, when we had reached this stage of our acquaintance, "what did you take me for when you first saw me?"

"I was in a sort o' swither what to make o' you; I couldna think what could be bringin' ony human body to visit me on sic a fearsome nicht."

"Did you suppose I was a 'water-kelpie'?"

"No, I didna just think that, but to tell you the truth, I was some feared that you might be Rory of the Glen."

As he said this he turned instinctively an eye full of seeming fear and suspicion towards the door.

"Rory of the Glen! pray, who is Rory of the Glen?"

"Rory of the Glen is a sort o' a character that is well-known in Glen-averain. Folks will not like to be speaking much about him; but you might have heard him yourself this night, for loud and fearsome did he cry mony a time from the hill ayont the water."

"Why, I heard a screech-owl, or a fox, or some other wild animal, screaming from the opposite hill. Is that what you call Rory of the Glen?"

The smuggler shook his head, and as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, remarked somewhat dryly, "It is an old owlet that, and has screamed hereabouts for the last hunder years, at least if the auldest folks speak true; nor has any other owlet, or fox, been able yet to scream so loud and long that I have heard o'."

Without disputing the point, I endeavoured to extract from my superstitious host some further information concerning this mysterious person-



age, and with no small interest learned that Rory of the Glen, or as he was styled in the vernacular tongue of the Glen, Ruairidh'-Ghlinne, had, from time immemorial, reigned the most formidable goblin of Glen-averain, and that he was the standing bugbear of naughty urchins, and the terror of benighted travellers. At the sound of Rory's voice the shepherd's colly would bristle his neck and crouch among his master's feet, and the equestrian's pony would prick up his ears, and, despite of spur or lash, stand stock still on the heath.

Various traditions were current in the neighbourhood regarding this arch-brownie's history, but the most commonly received one bore that, while in the body, he had been a poor pedlar, or hawker of small hardware articles; that he had been robbed by some miscreants, and then thrown over the rock called by his name, Scuir-a Ruari, which his restless spirit still haunts, and that he had several times made himself visible, during a flash of lightning, with his small box of goods slung from his shoulder to the horror of some benighted shepherd.

"And sure enough," said the credulous smuggler, "when I saw her nainsell with that tin can hanging from her neck, I thought it was as surely Rory as that I was in the body. Since I heard him roarin' o'er the way, I have not been able to get my mind off him, and many a time have I looked to the door, when I have heard anything stir in the wind, aye thinkin' when he would be in on me. I can assure you Rory of the Glen is no canny neighbour. There was once a dread-nought kind o' chap down the water-side a bit, and nothing would satisfy him, one night, when he heard Rory crying, but he must go and seek him, believing it to be some poor benighted creature that had lost its way on the hill and was trying to make its state known to folks that might help it. It was daylight before he came back, but nobody knows what happened to him, for he never would open his mouth about it; only he aye looked waesome when Rory was mentioned after that, and he never sought to visit him again."

(To be Continued.)

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**THE SCOTTISH TITLES.**—The Duke of Athole boasts the most titles of any member of the peerage, being Duke of Athole, Marquis of Tullibardine, Marquis of Athole, Earl of Tullibardine, Earl of Athole, Earl of Strathtay and Strathardle, Viscount of Balquhidar, Viscount of Glenalmond and Glenlyon, Baron Murray, Baron Balvenie and Gask, Baron Percy, Baron Lucy, Baron Poynings, Fitzpayne and Bryan, Baron Latimer, Baron Strange, Earl Strange and Baron Glenlyon. It is as Earl Strange that he sits in the Lords. Next to him come the Dukes of Argyll and Hamilton, with each sixteen inferior titles; the Marquis of Bute has fifteen; the Duke of Buccleuch, fifteen; the Duke of Northumberland, thirteen, and so on. The Princess Louise's father-in-law sits in the House of Lords as Baron Sandridge and Hamilton. The Duke of Hamilton, who sits as Duke of Brandon and Baron Dutton, has the distinction of being a Duke in three peerages—of Hamilton, in Scotland; of Brandon, in Great Britain, and of Chatelherault, in France; while the Duke of Richmond and Gordon holds the Scottish Dukedom of Aubigny. It is worth noticing, *en passant*, that many peers write their names differently from the names of the places their names suggest: Thus we have the Argyll, Athole, Anglesey, Clannell, Donegall, Westmorland and Winchelsea—not Argyle, Athol, Anglesea, Clannel, Donegal, Westmoreland and Winchelsea. There are many instances of the same title being held by different persons. Thus there are five Lords Hamilton, as many Lords Harvard, and as many Lords Stewart, or Stuart; four Lords Douglas, four Lords Grey, four Lords Herbert, &c., to say nothing of such near resemblance as Delamar and Delamere, Dumfries and Dumfriesshire, Devon and Devonshire, &c.



## TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

### VII.

IN a short Gaelic speech, delivered by me at the last annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and reported in the *Celtic Magazine* for August, it is stated that the famous Captain Campbell ("Caimbeulach dubh Ear-raghael") was not without some sympathy with his neighbours, when he acted as the officer in command of the camp at Browlin in 1746. I may here give an instance. Some cattle belonging to my great-grandfather, Colin Chisholm, formerly at Lietrie, strayed across from Glencannich to Glenstrathfarar. The old gentleman went to see Captain Campbell, who not only released the cattle, but while they were commenting on the sad state of the country around them, they noticed another herd of cattle browsing on Fuaran-na-Callanaich, about a mile from where they stood. Captain Campbell remarked, "I know whose cattle these are—they belong to Captain Chisholm of Prince Charlie's army. When you take your own cattle away, drive his along with you, and tell Captain Chisholm of Knockfin to keep them out of my sight for the future, for if my men should bring them in to the camp he will never see them again." So much for Captain Campbell's sympathy with his Highland countrymen. The ancestor of mine here referred to was a young officer, and fought for the Stuarts under the Earl of Mar at Sheriffmuir. He fought again for the same unfortunate cause under the obstinate Murray at Culloden.

I stated in the same Gaelic address that the hated Major Lockhart of 1745 gave peremptory orders to the Chisholm's two sons, John and James—both of whom were commissioned officers in the Royal army—to be ready the following morning to assist in burning their father's castle and estates. After the battle of Druimossie, or Culloden, the Royal army amused themselves by burning or otherwise destroying all that came within their reach on some of the Highland estates. Among the rest, Beaufort Castle and all the buildings on the Lovat estates were reduced to ashes. There was a camp stationed on Convent Bank, another at Duny, and one at Raonfearna, at Struy. Thence a strong party was sent to Glenstrathfarar, to burn and destroy everything that an invading army could destroy. This company was commanded by Captain Campbell, "Black Campbell of Argyle," whom the Jacobite poet, Alexander Macdonald, and the Aireach Muileach, immortalised by alternate satire and eulogy. So completely did Campbell and his party do their work, that they drove before them to the newly-formed camp at Browlin every cow and animal worth eating, and burned every house and hut in the whole glen. But before burning them, the dwellings were ransacked by the soldiers, and any articles of value they found were carried by them to the camp at Browlin. After selecting such of the smaller valuables as were to be forwarded to the camp at Raonfearna, a white horse was loaded with a portion of the spoil and sent in charge of two red-coated soldiers across Baidh—one of the hills which intervene between Glencannich and Glenstrathfarar, and the ridge of which is the boundary in that part

between the lands of Chisholm and Lord Lovat. This road was probably chosen from motives of prudence and to avoid the burning embers of the smouldering villages through Glenstrathfarar. Whatever the motives, the expected security for the unfortunate soldiers turned out to be worse than useless, inasmuch as they were met on the Chisholm's side of the hill by two Glenstrathfarar men close to a place called Ruidh-Bhacidh. These men disputed the right of the red-coats to the booty being carried on the white horse. As might be expected mortal combat ensued, and one of the soldiers soon fell to rise no more. The other took to his heels with the speed of a hare before the hounds, leaving his pursuers far behind. He soon landed at Lub-mhor, a shieling between Leitrie and Carri. Here there were only women and children herding cattle. On the approach of the half-naked and half-maddened soldier, shouting and praying for protection and mercy, the women and children at the shieling took themselves off to the hills, and the soldier (if possible) increased his speed, following the course of the river, shouting and roaring throughout. The distance between Bacidh and Struy being about twelve miles, the fleet-footed red-coat got over the distance in a wonderfully short time. All who saw him in his flying terror, believing that he was a raving maniac, cleared the way for him until he reached the camp at Raonfearna. I shall leave him there to rest while I return to the scene of the combat at Bacidh.

An eye-witness detailed what took place, and it has been handed down by tradition as follows:—When the runaway soldier out-distanced his savage pursuers, they turned back and quickly resumed their ugly work. To begin with, the white horse was brought to a bog, the valuables stripped off his back, a pit dug, and a dirk thrust in each side of his heart, and the animal hurled out of sight in the pit. Another pit was hastily prepared for the dead soldier, and he was dragged by the legs and thrown into it. The eye-witness alluded to was a girl of the name of Cameron, who happened to be at the time herding her father's goats on the face of Tudar, an adjacent hill. From the first sight Cameron had of the red-coats she crouched down in a hollow to hide herself, and with wonderful presence of mind kept quiet in her hiding-place until she saw the corpse of a fellow-creature pulled by the ankles and thrown into the yawning bog. At that moment, however, she gave way to a terrible coronach, in frenzy left her hiding-place and ran off. Seeing her, and alarmed at the unexpected discovery, the butchering gravediggers gave chase to the terrified girl, seized her, and questioned her as to the cause of her violent grief. She assured them that she fell asleep while herding her father's goats, and that now she could not find them, and she was sure to incur her mother's displeasure. With this excuse, and the hurry to finish their unholy work, they allowed her to return to Carri, where her father was a farmer.

Let me now give an idea of the commotion this foul tragedy at Bacidh caused throughout the four camps in the district, and in the principal one at Inverness. Every soldier and officer from Browlin to Inverness were seized with a determination to retaliate, and eagerly wished for an opportunity of avenging the death of their comrade in arms. The news was almost instantly conveyed to Major Lockhart, who was commanding officer at the time at Inverness. This officer ordered certain companies to be ready next morning to accompany him to burn the country of the Chisholm, and among the officers whom he selected for this

expedition were John and James, the Chisholm's two sons. The selection was considered harsh and cruel, even in military circles, and the sons had an interview with Major Lockhart, urging him to institute such an enquiry as they were sure would bring the murderers of the soldier to condign punishment. To this course the brutal Major would not listen, and instantly ordered the young officers out of his presence. Nothing less than fire and sword could satisfy the avenging cravings of this cruel officer. However, as he was about to retire to bed that same evening, a stray bullet found a billet in his body. He was hurled before his Maker in an instant, and Strathglass has not yet been burnt. No one for a moment supposed that the death of the murdered soldier ought not to be avenged. Yet the fact of his being killed immediately as he crossed the boundary between the lands of Lord Lovat and Chisholm could not justify any one out of a lunatic asylum to have recourse to fire and sword without the least regard to guilt or innocence. Probably Major Lockhart may have had discretionary power conferred upon him by King George or by the butcher Duke. But whoever gave him this power, it would appear that the Devil himself directed him in its application. Without the shadow of a doubt it was the immediate cause of his own destruction.

This Major Lockhart, who, by his cruelties on this occasion, has obtained an infamous notoriety, some time before this marched with a detachment into the country of the Macdonalds of Barisdale, and laid waste and destroyed their dwellings. Some of these poor people had obtained protection from Lord Loudon; but the Major disregarded them, and told the people who had them that not even a warrant from Heaven should prevent him from executing his orders.\* Any one not possessed of humanity is simply a barbarian, but a soldier without religion or humanity is a monster; especially when invested with authority to destroy life and property at pleasure, and equipped with the weapons of death.

To illustrate this statement let me give a short account of a cruel murder committed by a brutal soldier at a farm in Glencannich, called Tombuie. The tradition in the Glen is as follows:—The people on this club farm were shearing corn on the dell of Tombuie, when, to their terror, they saw a party of red coated soldiers just approaching their houses. Immediately they took themselves to the hills. But the frantic screaming of an unfortunate wife, who had gone to the field to assist her husband and family, reminded them that the baby was left asleep at home. There was no way of reaching the house or extracting the poor infant before the soldiers could reach it. So the terrified people at Tombuie made all haste to the rocks at the east side of Glac-na-Caillich. While thus concealed in the cliffs of the rocks eagerly watching every movement on the plains below, they saw one of the soldiers entering the house where the little one was peacefully asleep. It afterwards transpired that in drawing his sword out of its scabbard to despatch the innocent occupant of the cradle, the rays of the sun flashing on the polished metal reflected a blaze of light around the cradle. The innocent little creature clapped its tiny hands and laughed at the pretty light playing round its crib. At the sight of the baby's smiles his would-be executioner stood awed, and hesitating between the orders he had received and the dictates of conscience and

\* Fullarton's History of the Highland Clans, p. 678.

humanity, he put his sword back into its scabbard, and was turning out of the house when he was met by a comrade, who questioned him as to whether he had found any person inside. He answered in the negative. This suspicious comrade, however, dashed into the house, and horrible to relate, emerged out of it triumphantly carrying the mangled body of the infant transfixd on the point of his sword. Not satisfied with this brutal act, the monster threatened to report his comrade who had just spared the life of the infant. His more humane companion, however, incensed at the fiendish spectacle before him, instantly unsheathed his sword, planted the point of it on the breast of the cowardly assassin, and vowed by heaven and earth that he would in another moment force the sword to the hilt through his merciless heart if he did not withdraw his threat, and promise on oath never to repeat it. Thus the dastardly ruffian was instantly compelled at the point of the sword to beg for his own execrable and diabolical life.

Here is another case in point. At the time the Clothing Act was in force, viz.—when the filleadh-beag and breacan-uallach were unmeaningly proscribed by English law, or, as some old people used to say, by the fiat of President Forbes, a company of red-coated soldiers were loitering through Glencannich, when they spied a young man dressed in kilt and tartan hose. He was at the time loading a sledge cart with black stem brackens for thatch. Two servant girls were assisting him in collecting the brackens. On their own unchallenged statement we have it carried down by tradition, that as they began to make the load, standing on an eminence called Tom-na-cloichmoire, in Badan-a-gharaidh, half-way between Lietrie and Shalavanach, on placing the first armful of brackens in the cart the young man alluded to turned suddenly round to them and exclaimed—"Oh! God! look at the dead man in the cart, look at his kilt, hose, and garters." The girls assured him they could see nothing but the brackens he had placed there. After a moment or two the young man owned that he could no longer see what a few minutes previously appeared to him to be the figure of a dead man.

After some chaffing from his assistants for his apparent credulity, he went on with the load, arranged it on the cart, leading his horse down hill, and coming to the side of a lake at Fasadh-coinntich, at the end of which there is a small promontory jutting out into the water. When turning this point the kilted man observed for the first time that his movements were watched. He soon found himself surrounded on all sides by a cordon of soldiers, disposed in line to prevent the possibility of his escape. Determined not to be caught alive or disgrace his dress by surrender, the brave fellow took to the water and swam across, but while climbing a small rock on the opposite side he was fired at, fell back in the water, and perished in presence of his pursuers. The servants before-mentioned, seeing the dreadful deed, ran off and told the people of Lietrie what had happened to their friend. His neighbours went at once to the spot and found his lifeless body at the edge of the water where he fell. They turned the brackens out of the sledge cart, placed the corpse in it just as it had been taken from the water dressed in kilt and hose, and the unfortunate man was carried to his own residence in the cart.

If there be no meaning or reality in the word "presentiment" or second-

sight, it will not be easy to account for the terror with which the young man called God to witness that he saw a dead man in his cart.

It is not my wish nor is it my interest to add one word to or change a syllable in the foregoing incidents. They are here told simply as I heard them related by old people in the neighbourhood, two of whom personally recollected some of the events that happened in and even before the eventful year of 1745. I was born and brought up at Lietrie, within half a mile of where the man was thus murdered for the crime of wearing a strip of plaid tartan round his hips. The combat at Bacidh took place within a mile and a half of Lietrie, and the diabolical murder of the innocent infant was committed at Tombuie, within four miles of the same place.

Let no one imagine that I refer to those sanguinary times with the view of disparaging the noble profession of arms. My opinion, on the contrary, is, that so long as Christian as well as Pagan nations continue to countenance the scandal of war, the character and profession of the soldier cannot be too much refined and elevated.

(*To be Continued.*)

#### EVICCTIONS IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

—o—

THE editor of the *Celtic Magazine* has, in greater measure than almost any one known to the present generation, rendered valuable service to the Highlands by his protracted and assiduous researches into the history of their clans, and his vast acquaintance with Celtic literature, to the enrichment and preservation of which he has devoted the labours of his pen for many years past. In the pamphlet before us Mr Mackenzie makes an important contribution to our knowledge of the subject of the depopulation of the Highlands and its causes. He presents a series of vivid sketches of the evictions which have taken place at Glengarry, Strathglass, Kintail, Glenelg, Skye, Uist, Barra, Colgeach, Sutherland, and elsewhere since the last futile attempt of the Pretender to recover the throne of the Stuarts in 1745, beginning with the Glengarry expulsion of 1853. Some of the individual cases of hardship and suffering which resulted from that cruel act, perpetrated, too, mainly at the instance of a woman, are, even at this distance of time, painful to read. . . . The position of the Highland crofter is a subject on which Mr Mackenzie may well claim to speak with authority. It is to be deplored that much that has been written on this subject has been done by men who have had no previous real knowledge of the facts, and who, when opportunity presented, seem to have neglected to avail themselves of it, being content to obtain a one-sided view from persons whose interests naturally presupposed bias, and whose information should therefore have been received with all the more caution. Mr Mackenzie can speak from "bitter experience of the crofter's lowly condition, contracted means, hardships, and incessant struggles with life generally." His picture is, we believe, a thoroughly truthful and honest one. He shows how utterly impossible it is even with the best management of the average croft—from one to four acres—to raise sufficient for keeping the crofter's family above starvation point, and his evidence is minute and veracious. To all interested in the population question in the Highlands, and in the question of agriculture as pursued in the north of Scotland, this pamphlet will afford much information which will be valuable, because, in our opinion, thoroughly reliable.—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

## Correspondence.

## WERE HAVELOCK'S HIGHLANDERS COWARDS?

THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS AND THE EDITOR OF THE *ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

INVERNESS, 8th April 1881.

SIR,—I am able and willing to defend myself with the pen, or any other weapon if need be; but when my mouth is systematically closed in one direction, I must seek a fresh voice elsewhere. My letters having been refused publication in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and a grave charge cast by that journal upon the honour of the "Ross-shire Buffs," having to my mind been very insufficiently atoned for, I request you will be good enough to give a place in your pages to all that has passed on this head, and, along with others, lend me your generous help to show the baselessness of the calumny, as also the poor chance of fair-play a writer, striving to be conscientious, may expect, if he have the temerity to attack such a Gargantuesque monopoly as a pocket Military Paper, edited by a crack ex-war correspondent.

The following appeared prominently in large type on the fourth page of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of 12th March 1881:—

"A British officer," says General W. to Colonel C., 'is bound to tell the truth.' 'I beg your pardon, General,' replied C., 'it is the one thing a British General cannot do—sometimes.' The force of that remark is in the application of it. No general can find fault with his men in public despatches, though he may rate them as Havelock did the 78th, when he told them they had the cholera in their hearts, as well as their stomachs. Sir G. Colley, at all events, took on himself all the blame of the failure at Ingogo."

Several officers, qualified to know, having written to contradict the foregoing, the following paragraph appeared on page eight of the next issue of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, March 19th, 1881. This disclaimer, such as it is, is not given any prominence, but is huddled away into the Regimental news, and printed in small type:—

"78TH REGIMENT.—A 'Staff Captain' writes:—'The remark of the late Sir Henry Havelock, to which you refer, did not apply to that fine old regiment, whose deeds, from the first to the last of the Mutiny, have not been surpassed since the British Army was first created. Being on the Staff of the force then under General Havelock's command, I can speak with authority as to the fact.' Several correspondents have corroborated this statement, but no one has denied that the words were used by the irritated General, although it cannot be supposed the gallant Ross-shire Buffs ever deserved them."

Seeing the inadequacy of the disclaimer, I wrote to the editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette* as follows:—

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, 23d March 1881.

SIR,—In your issue of the 12th inst., a leading item appeared stating that on a certain occasion General Havelock charged the 78th Highlanders with cowardice. On the 19th you inserted a quotation from the letter of



a "Staff Captain" denying this, and added "No one has denied that the words were used by the irritated General." They were possibly used during the first battle of Butseerut Gunge, but this is outside the point. You then continue "although it cannot be supposed the gallant Ross-shire Buffs ever deserved them." This is only a qualified disclaimer, and it was inserted most obscurely, under the heading "78th Regiment," in the Regimental news (where arrivals, departures, and such trifles appear), whereas the original calumny appeared in large print, in a prominent part of the paper. The regiment is at present in Candahar, and is unable to defend itself, but, on its behalf, I demand that a disclaimer shall be printed in your next issue, and given equal prominence to the original article complained of, and further, that the writer of the said item, if he be possessed of any sense of fairness, shall express regret for having most needlessly wounded the feelings of a large body of officers. No one should make statements which he is not prepared to substantiate, and therefore, under these circumstances, I consider my demand to be nothing beyond what is due.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

COLIN MACKENZIE, late Captain, 78th Highlanders.

This letter was not published, but on the central page of the *Army and Navy Gazette* of 26th March 1881 (the most prominent part of the paper), the following graceful comment upon it appeared:—

"'Colin Mackenzie, late Captain 78th Highlanders,' writes on March 23 from 'the Naval and Military Club,' to observe that, on the 12th inst., what he calls 'a leading item' appeared in this paper, 'stating that on a certain occasion General Havelock charged the 78th Highlanders with cowardice.' No leading or misleading item of the sort ever appeared in this paper; but alluding to a well-known incident of Havelock's march, we quoted an angry phrase of his, addressed, as we erroneously thought, to the 78th, and *sets (sic)* the matter right, without naming the other corps, in our next issue. We are not going to accept Captain Colin Mackenzie's opinion as to the qualification or non-qualification of our 'disclaimers,' as he calls our remark; nor are we going to allow him to appropriate our space as he thinks fit. The writer of the paragraph is as much interested in the honour and good repute of the 78th Highlanders as the 'late Captain' in question, and he is the last man in the world to wound the feelings of the officers of the regiment. If the 'late Captain' would but condescend to read what was said carefully he will see, we hope and believe, that there could not have been, and that there was not any intention to disparage a corps which does not need the advocacy of any officer to protect its reputation, nor dread the efforts of any 'defender' to injure it."\*

After this attack upon me (when I considered I had only been doing my duty in defending the honour of my old corps), I, in self-defence, wrote the following letter to the Editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, trusting to his sense of fair play to publish it:—

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, March 31, 1881.

SIR,—I do not question the good taste of the notice you vouchsafe to

\* The Editor would appear to be answerable for the grammar of this paragraph; unless indeed, as is not unlikely, the printer's devil may have been among the compositors.

my letter of the 23d inst. in your issue of the 26th, and I appreciate to a certain degree the disclaimer (I again use the word advisedly) which you make as to the charge of cowardice against the 78th Highlanders. But I cannot pass it by without certain observations.

You deny that your charge implied as much, but I leave it to the public to say what they infer from such a phrase as "the cholera in their hearts, as well as their stomachs." You say that if I "would but condescend to read what was said carefully," I would see, you "hope and believe," your want of intention "to disparage a corps," &c. My perception is hardly so keen.

You say "the writer of the paragraph," or item, "is as much interested in the honour and good repute of the 78th Highlanders as the 'late Captain.'" Hardly! If the writer had ever served in that corps he would never have perpetrated his blunder—and if he never did serve in that corps, then he cannot possibly have its honour so near at heart as one who did serve.

You have lost sight of the whole gist of my letter of the 23d, which was to draw attention to the fact, that your reply to the letters of your correspondents was insufficient and placed in an obscure part of your paper, and that I demanded a full denial, to which there should be given a prominence equal to that of the original calumny.

Doubtless ere this you have received sufficient assurances of your error. I am satisfied with the upshot, and will not say who has eaten the leek, though I might add—

The truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

I have stated my name, and am willing to quote my authorities, whereas your informant keeps his *incognito*.

You have stated that you are not going to accept my opinions, nor are you going to allow me to appropriate your space as I think fit. My letter, which you did not publish, and which was simply in defence of my old corps, surely does not warrant such an answer; and, in common fairness, I must ask you to insert this reply in your issue of Saturday. At the same time I reserve my undoubted right to reproduce the whole of this matter, together with such further observations as I may think warranted, in columns other than your own.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

COLIN MACKENZIE, late Captain, 78th Highlanders.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* of the 2d April 1881 was published in due course, but it contained neither my letter nor any comment upon it; although it exhibited one of the editorial staff endeavouring to blunder out of another "inaccuracy." Inaccuracy is the curse of journalism, and lest I incur its odium, I will at once state my authorities, as against my masked opponent, who apparently drew his long-bow at a venture. I have it from Sir Henry Havelock Allan, General Havelock's son, and a host of officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers, who served with Havelock's column, and whose names would fill several pages of your Magazine, that General Havelock NEVER told the 78th that "they had the cholera in their hearts as well as their stomachs." That gallant old veteran, General Sir Patrick Grant, who was Commander-in-Chief in India, from the death of General Anson till the arrival of Lord Clyde, and consequently during Havelock's march, never heard of such a speech being addressed to the

78th. If he had, would he be likely to esteem it an honour to be their full Colonel to-day?

If Havelock's true opinion of the 78th is required, his own words will be sufficient to prove it. In his confidential report on the regiment, just before leaving Persia, he says:—

"There is a fine spirit in the ranks of this regiment. I am given to understand that it behaved remarkably well in the affair of Khooshab, near Bushire, which took place before I reached the army; and during the naval action on the Euphrates, and its landing here, its steadiness, zeal, and activity under my own observation were conspicuous. The men have been subjected in this service to a good deal of exposure, to extremes of climate, and have had heavy work to execute with their intrenching tools, in constructing redoubts and making roads. They have been, while I have had the opportunity of watching them, most cheerful; and have never seemed to regret or complain of anything but that they had no further chance of meeting the enemy. *I am convinced the regiment would be second to none in the service, if its high military qualities were drawn forth. It is proud of its colours, its tartan, and its former achievements.*"

Havelock, writing to General Neill, after the second battle of Butseerut Gunge, 5th August 1857, says:—"If I might select for praise without being invidious, I should say they (the Madras Fusiliers) and the Highlanders are the most gallant troops in my little force."

After the third battle of Butseerut Gunge, Havelock published an Order of the Day, 12th August 1857, of which the following forms part:—"The Fusiliers and the Highlanders were, as usual, distinguished, The Highlanders, without firing a shot, rushed with a cheer upon the enemy's redoubt, carried it, and captured two of the three guns with which it was armed. If Colonel Hamilton can ascertain the officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier, who first entered this work, the Brigadier will recommend him for the Victoria Cross."\*

Describing the grand charge of the 78th Highlanders at the battle of Cawnpore, 16th July 1857, Havelock writes:—"The opportunity had arrived for which I have long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet well intrenched. I directed this regiment to advance, and never have I witnessed conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village, they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled, and the village was taken, and the guns were captured?"

In his Order of the Day after Cawnpore, he said:—"Soldiers! your General is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. He has never seen steadier or more devoted troops; but your labours are only beginning. Between the 7th and 16th you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched 126 miles, and fought four actions. . . . Highlanders! it was my earnest desire to afford you the opportunity of showing how your predecessors conquered at Maida; you have not de-

\* Lieutenants Campbell and Crowe entered together. Campbell took cholera next day and died, and Crowe was recommended for the V.C. He did not, however, live long to wear his honours.

generated. Assaye was not won by a more silent, compact, and resolute charge, than was the village near Jchajmow on the 16th inst."

Marshman, in his life of Havelock, relates that the night after the battle of Cawnpore, "when the arms were piled, the General called the officers of the Highlanders together, and assured them that he had never seen a regiment behave more steadily and gallantly, and that if ever he reached the command of a regiment, it would be his request that it should be the 78th, and he desired them to convey this assurance to their men."

Arrived in the Residency of Lucknow, Havelock resigned his command to Sir James Outram, but his opinion of the 78th Highlanders never changed from that day, until he was laid in his lonely grave, beneath the tree in the Alumbagh.

So much for the charge against the 78th. I leave it to my countrymen to say whether the reckless assertion that they were rated by Havelock for having "the cholera in their hearts as well as their stomachs," has been clearly disproved or not. Ross-shire lads are keenly jealous of the honour of the old Ross-shire Buffs. Let them never forget that their national motto is, "Nemo me impune lacessit," and that "oor Scots thistle will jag the thoombs" of any boggling journalist who attempts to make too free with it.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

COLIN MACKENZIE,  
Late Captain, 78th Highlanders.

## THE TARTAN AND THE KILT—FEELING IN CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Montreal, 14th March 1881.

SIR,—In common with their fellow-countrymen at home and abroad, the Highlanders and Scotchmen of Montreal and elsewhere within the Dominion of Canada had learned with unrestrained indignation of the proposal to abolish the distinctive tartans of the Highland Regiments in the British Army. A meeting was arranged to have been held in Montreal on Friday, 11th March, but in the interval since its inception the news of the explanations and disavowal of the Secretary of State for War reached us, and the meeting was in consequence abandoned.

Anticipating the possibility of expressing my own views on the subject at the meeting, I had written them down in a condensed form, and this I subsequently sent to the *Montreal Herald*. I send you by this mail copies of that paper, of dates 11th and 14th March, in order that, if you see fit, you may insert the extracts referred to in the columns of the *Celtic Magazine*.—Yours very truly,

JOHN MACDONALD.

THIS communication reached us too late for last issue, but even yet we think it right to let our readers all over the world see how much our loyal Canadian Highlanders felt and acted in thorough sympathy with their brethren at home at a time when their aid might have proved of great service in influencing the authorities at the War Office. Mr Macdonald, who, by the way, hails from Tain, Ross-shire, and whom we had the pleasure of meeting in Montreal last year, is a credit to his native county even among the good Highlanders of Montreal; and we are glad to give

the greater portion of his communication as a fair specimen of the patriotic feelings of thousands throughout the Dominion. He writes :—

The project of discontinuing the wearing of the distinctive tartans of the different Highland Regiments in the British army is one which has been met in Great Britain, and particularly in the Highlands of Scotland, with almost universal disapprobation. Although we in Canada are far separated from the sphere in which this question is now receiving so much attention, it is proper that we should express our sympathy with the views of our fellow-countrymen in the old land, and this can be done in no more effective manner than by a petition to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, conveyed through His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion.

When we bear in mind that in a great degree we owe the existence of Canada as a British colony to the bravery of a Highland Regiment (the Fraser Highlanders), that so materially assisted at the capture of Quebec, our present action can be justly construed into a tribute to the memory of that illustrious band of heroes. It is recorded that on the occasion of the assault upon Quebec an order was issued that the bag-pipes were not to be played lest their note should give the enemy untimely warning. The immediate effect of this order was that the Highlanders were observed to lack their customary spirit in the assault, upon which their colonel took means to remonstrate against the order silencing the pipes. "Then let them play, in Heaven's name," was the general's response, upon which, the well-known warlike blast being sounded, the men charged with irresistible fury and carried everything before them. This instance is an illustration of the probable effect of any endeavour to change or suppress the cherished customs and traditions of the Highland soldier. What, let me ask, is to be gained by the proposed change, by which the Black Watch, Mackenzie, Cameron, Gordon, and Sutherland tartans, are to be suppressed in order that some uniform pattern, to be devised or agreed upon, shall be substituted instead of these time-honoured regimentals.

The mind which could devise the suppression of the individual distinctiveness of the Highland regimental dress for the sake of uniformity or economy, is on a par with that which would wish to see the Highland hills levelled with the plain, the Highland rivers converted into canals, and the Highland lochs into milldams.

Is it to be tolerated, that the presumption of some red tape official is to be allowed to sap the glorious traditions and memories of the 42d at Fontenoy and the Nile; the 78th at Lucknow; the 79th at Waterloo; the 92d in Spain; and the 93d at Balaklava. No, it is due to the memory of these brave men and their gallant leaders that we should indignantly protest against any change having such a tendency.

After referring to the deeds of Abercrombie at Alexandria, Colonel Cameron of Fassifern, Sir Colin Campbell, and Sir Robert Munro of Fowles, and a host of others, whose heart beat to the Tartan, he proceeds, quoting from "The Vision of Don Roderick":—

And oh! loved warriors of the minstrel's land,  
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave,  
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,  
And harsher features and a mien more grave,  
But ne'er in battle field throbb'd heart so brave  
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;  
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,  
And level for the charge their arms are laid,  
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid.

The most offensive feature of the proposed change lies in the fact that it appears to have been contemplated without consulting the views of those most immediately concerned, as is evidenced by the great outcry against it from the recruiting fields of the Highland regiments. It is a change which, if carried into effect, would doubtless lead to results which not only every Scotchman, but every loyal British subject would deplore.

Is not the pattern of a tartan of equal importance to a Scotchman as the colour of a rose is to an Englishman? Then let us remember that the English nation fought the bloodiest civil war recorded in history over the predominance of the white or the red rose, these symbols being emblematic of the different opinions of the time just as the present regimental clan tartans, and one uniform pattern of tartan, are emblematic of the antagonistic opinions in the present day of, we may say, on one side the entire

Scottish nation, and on the other the authority of some unpatriotic military Jacks in office, who cannot see sufficient independent ability in the British nation to regulate, adapt, and carry into effect their own national ideas, but must pay a servile homage to what is considered to be the superiority of the German system of military uniformity. It is one of the chief characteristics of the Scottish nation that they have always successfully resisted any attempt at dictation or interference with their cherished national sentiments, and we have every reason to believe that the spirit of stern independence so conspicuous in former generations is as much alive now as ever, and will be quite as successfully exerted.

In the words of the immortal Burns :

And Sirs, if aince they pit her till't  
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt  
And durk and pistol in her belt  
She'll tak' the streets  
And run her whittle to the hilt  
I' the first she meets.

### ONLY A FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

S O N G.

Only a fisherman's daughter,  
Bare-footed nymph of the bay,  
Child of the seaweed and water,  
Rosy-cheeked, laughing, and gay :  
Nursing her wee baby brother,  
Fondling him oft on her knee,  
Helping with littles her mother,  
Praying for father at sea.  
Only a fisherman's daughter,  
Nursed 'neath the song of the sea,  
Surely its music hath taught her  
Almost an angel to be.  
Sitting when darkness is falling,  
Watching the lighthouse afar,  
Listening to strange voices calling,  
Sadly from over the bar :  
Is it the waves ever rolling ?  
Rolling in wrath on the shore :  
Is it their death-bells a-tolling ?  
Tolling for toilers no more.  
Sweet little fisherman's daughter, &c.  
Hearing the wind blowing dreary,  
Moaning its sorrowful lay,  
Fearing for father a-weary  
Toiling for her far away :  
First on the pier in the morning,  
Watching the boats as they come,  
Joy in her bosom is burning,  
Burning to welcome him home.  
Loved little fisherman's daughter, &c.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.



## NOTES ON CAITHNESS HISTORY.

No. V.

### THE GUNNS.

ALTHOUGH the Clan Gunn had removed from the Clyth district several centuries ago, some traditions are still current in the locality relating to its former rulers. For example there is the tradition of "Lechan Ore," which is referred to in "The New Picture of Scotland," published in 1807. In that work it is stated that Gunn of Clyth, who had been in Denmark for some time, had got a Danish princess to marry him; and "in returning home with the lady and attendants, the vessel was wrecked upon this rock (Lechan Ore) and every soul perished. A pot full of gold being found on the rock, it obtained the name of Lechan Ore, or Golden Flags. The body of the Princess was thrown on the shore, and buried at Ulbster; and the same stone which is said to cover her grave is still extant, and has some hieroglyphic characters much obliterated by time."

This account is rather meagre, as the tradition of the district on the subject gives greater detail, if not a different aspect of the affair. Gunn is said to have won the hand of the fair lady in Denmark, and returned home to set his house in order for her reception. She was to sail for the Caithness coast so many days afterwards, and accordingly at the appointed time, directed her course to the territories of the man who had promised to marry her. She was to bring great wealth with her; and it appears that Gunn loved her riches better than her affections, for on seeing the vessel approach at night, he put a light at a certain dangerous spot of the coast, where he was certain the vessel would be wrecked and those on board drowned. The vessel, lured by the light, met the fate intended for it, but Gunn was never able to get the pot of gold, as, it is alleged, his Satanic Majesty had a sentry on duty who always prevented him from getting it. By and bye the treacherous conduct of the chief came to the ears of the clan who at once expelled him from their community. He had to fly from among them, and afterwards resided in the hills at Toft Gunn, on the present Thrumster estate. Toft Gunn, it is said, was named after the expelled chief.

Reference has already been made to the Crowner, George Gunn, but there is no evidence to show how the appointment of Crowner or Coronator was made to the family. The office of Crowner was of a very responsible character, and the Earl of Sutherland for a time held the same office in the adjoining county of Sutherland. How the Crowner Gunn discharged the functions of his office in Caithness it is impossible to say. His duties were in attending to the pleas of the Crown; and further, he had charge of the forces raised within his jurisdiction. The heading "Coroner" in the general index to "The Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland," and the acts and references quoted bearing on the office will readily show the important duties which attached to the office. It may be safely assumed therefore that George Gunn must have had a good position at the time in the North ere he would have received the appointment, or on the other

hand, if the office was conferred previously on one of the chiefs, the same argument would apply as to the position of the clan.

In the year 1426 a furious battle took place between the Gunns and the Mackays of Strathnaver at Harpsdale. The battle was not decisive on either side, although there was much slaughter on each side. This sanguinary contest is referred to by several writers on historical matters connected with the North of Scotland.

The depressing influence of the continued conflicts with the Keiths, induced James Gunn, Chief of the Clan Gunn, to remove from his Castles of Hoberry and Gunn, and to take up his abode in the parish of Kildonan, at Killearnan, under the protection of the Sutherland family—William and Henry, sons of the Crowner, George Gunn, likewise accompanied him. Sir Robert Gordon, in his history of the Earldom of Sutherland, thus writes concerning the Crowner:—"This Cruner was a great commander in Catteynes, in his tyme, and wes one of the greatest men in that cuntrey; because when he flourished there wes no Earles off Catteyness, that Earldom being yit in the kings hands." This James had a son named William, who succeeded him, and who greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Torran dhu Reywird, on behalf of the interests of the Earl of Sutherland. This William was called William MacHamish MacCruner, and sometimes William Cattigh, on account of his having been born and brought up in the county of Sutherland. Sir Robert Gordon, in writing of William MacHamish, remarks:—"From him are descended the Clangun that dwell at this day at Strathully. They have alwyse since that tyme had the lands of Killeirnan for ther service, from the Earles of Sutherland, unto whom they have ever been both trusty and faithful." William was, in 1525, a witness to a Seisin of Prone.

The treachery of the Keiths at St Aire's was not forgotten by the descendants of Crowner Gunn for several generations, for William MacHamish, the Crowner's grandson, met George Keith of Ackergill on his way from Inverugie to Caithness, accompanied by a son and twelve retainers. The Gunns set upon them and killed them all in revenge of the tragedy which took place at St Aire's.

The Gunns proved faithful allies to the house of Sutherland, and John Robson, chief of the Caithness Gunns, was appointed by the Earl of Sutherland his factor for collecting the rents of the Bishop's lands which belonged at the time to the Earl. This was not satisfactory to the Earl of Caithness, who induced Houcheon Mackay to invade the possessions of the Gunns in Braemore. John Robson, however, with the assistance of the Earl of Sutherland, made ample retaliation shortly afterwards. It was not one enemy that the Clan Gunn had, for a most determined feud existed between them and the Clan Abarach for a considerable time. Sir Robert Gordon, in his History of the Earldom, narrates:—"The long, the many, the horrible encounters which happened between these two trybes, with the bloodshed and infinit spoils committed in every part of the diocy of Catteyness by them and their associats, are of so disordered and troublesome memorie, that, with their asperous names, together with the confusion of place, tymes, and persons, would yet be (no doubt) a warr to the reader to overlook them."

In 1585 the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness agreed to meet the Earl of Huntly at Elgin for the purpose of adjusting their differences, but

at the meeting which took place, strange to say, the causes of their quarrels were thrown on the shoulders of the Clan Gunn. It was part of the arrangement that the Clan Gunn should be destroyed, but this was more easily agreed upon than executed. The two Earls made preparations to attack the Gunns on both sides, but it so happened that the Gunns and the Strathnaver men met on the borders of Caithness accidentally. They formed an alliance on the spot, and forthwith attacked and defeated the Caithness men at Aldgown. This was in the year 1586. This so enraged the Earl of Caithness that he hanged John MacRob, the head of the Gunns in Caithness, as he had him a prisoner at Gernigoe Castle. The Earls of Sutherland and Caithness met again at Ben Grinie, and the result of their proceedings proved adverse to the clan, for George Gunn, the chief, was sent as a prisoner by the Earl of Sutherland to the Earl of Caithness. He was kept a prisoner at Gernigoe Castle for some time, and afterwards liberated by the Earl of Caithness at the instigation of the Earl of Sutherland.

About 1580 the Macivors arrived in the county of Caithness, with the view of protecting the lands in Halkirk and Reay belonging to the Earl Marischal and the Oliphants from the incursions of the Gunns and others. They were favourably noticed by the Earl of Caithness; and Principal Campbell, in his "Account of the Clan Ivor," observes:—"The antagonists against whom the Macivors seem to have been most frequently pitted were the Gunns, a fierce and warlike race, who, under their chief, patronymically styled MacHamish, formed at this period the border guard of Sutherland on the north-east. Between the two clans attacks and reprisals continued from the arrival of the Macivors till 1616." The principal conflict was at Pobbowar, near Harpsdale, in 1594, when the Macivors were defeated owing to the superior strategy of the Gunns. The defeat was not allowed to pass over unceremoniously, for shortly after the Macivors marched to Strathie and defeated the Gunns there. The Clan Abarach, deadly enemies of the Gunns, were on very friendly terms with the Macivors, a fellow feeling no doubt, making them wondrous kind.

There is one reason which might have induced the Gunns to lay waste the lands of the Earl Marischal or of the Oliphants, because the Regent Murray, the first husband of Lady Agnes Keith, had beheaded Alexander, the chief of the Clan Gunn, at Inverness in 1565. Revenge at that period was deep-rooted in the mind of the clansman, and could only be appeased by the murder of opponents or of their friends. Sir Robert Gordon has a complaint about the beheading of the Chief of the Clan Gunn, as he alleges, it was done in the absence of John, Earl of Sutherland, and that the cause of the execution arose out of a matter connected with the house of Sutherland. Sir Robert maintains that "the cheiff caus of his execution wes a deep malice and hatred which the Earl of Moray had conceived against him, becaus that upon a tyme when the Earles of Southerland and Huntly did happen to meet the Earl of Murray full in the face, upon the street of Aberdeen, this Alexander Gunn would not give the Earl of Murray any part of the way, but forced him and his company to leave the same." This is the only offence which Sir Robert admits against the Chief of the Clan Gunn, for whom he contends the Earl of Murray had laid a snare under "pretence of justice." Sir Robert therefore moralises over the matter in the following sentence:—"Such is the force of

heat and disdain in the mynds of great men, that they seldom hold it any breach of honor or justice to be revenged of those who offer them the least appearance of wrong."

The Gunns were certainly a bold and determined race, and some of them were used as tools for the purpose of committing very reckless acts. There is the instance of the Earl of Caithness inducing two or three of the Gunns, in 1615, to burn the corn of Sandside, which belonged to Lord Forbes. Of course, as the Gunns confessed at whose instance the crime was committed, the Earl of Caithness had enough to do to get out of the scrape into which he had fallen. It is further a strange circumstance that he should have selected the Gunns to carry out the crime referred to, more especially as he had some years previously executed their father. Seeing that the spirit of revenge was so strong at the time, it would seem unlikely that he should have taken into his confidence the sons of a father whom he had murdered. Perhaps the Earl, bad as he might have been, was blamed too much in the matter.

So long as the feudal broils lasted, the Clan Gunn was certainly at its post against all enemies, but days came when the house of Sutherland did not require a powerful race to defend its borders against the wily Earls of Caithness. From that time, the Clan Gunn not being required for defensive and warlike purposes, their importance gradually diminished, until at length the rights of superiority were exercised, and the Gunns after a time found that they had never been infest in any lands. They were too careless in this respect. Had they known the value of titles there can be no doubt that they would have had extensive tracts of country when they realised the fact that they had none. Their residence at Killearnan was destroyed by fire in 1690. It is said that the chief and another of the clan were preparing for a hunting expedition, when some powder ignited, with the result that the whole buildings were destroyed by fire. The burial place of the Gunns was at Spittal, and the chiefs, on dying, were carried all the way from Kildonan, in the county of Sutherland, to Spittal—"Aut pax aut bellum" was certainly a very appropriate motto for the Gunns. Several branches have sprung from the Gunns. The Hendersons are descended from Henry, the Crowner's son. William, another of the Crowner's sons, is the progenitor of the Wilsons in Caithness, while another of the same name claims the Williamsons. The MacLans, or Caithness Johnsons, come from John, who was slain at St Aire's by the Keiths. The Gallies, who settled in Ross-shire in troublous times, were of the Clan Gunn stock. The name is derived from Gall'aodh; and doubtless the surname Gullach has the same origin.

The late George Gunn, Esq. of Rhives, was the tenth MacHamish, but living as the Gunns were at Killearnan, and after they became dispersed, it is difficult to say who was the real head of the clan, as the descendants of many near relatives might never have known, or at least troubled themselves, about a chiefship to which no land was attached, on the death of William, the eighth MacHamish.

WICK.

G. M. SUTHERLAND.

*(To be Continued.)*

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Gregory's Highlands and Isles, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Highland Rambles, from Thomas D. Morrison, Glasgow.

## Literature.

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**SCOTLAND IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES. THE RHIND LECTURES IN ARCHÆOLOGY, 1879.** By JOSEPH ANDERSON, Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1881.

THIS is a book of rare and surpassing interest. It reads like a romance; when we had once got interested we were unable to lay it down till we had read it through. And yet it is but a treatise on archæology, and that of the most strictly scientific kind. The things treated of are but, so to speak, the dry bones of our earliest Christian ancestors, but the author has breathed on them and they live.

As the title tells us the substance of the book consists of the second course of the Rhind Lectures, delivered to the Archæological Society in the autumn of 1879. In the first lecture the author discusses and describes the means of obtaining a scientific basis for the archæology of Scotland, its materials and its methods; and having described the aim of the science in its widest scope as being to produce "a history of man by his works, of art by its monuments, of culture by its manifestations, and of civilization by its developments," he proceeds in the subsequent lectures to describe the remains which have come down to us of the early Celtic Christian Church, and the lessons which are to be learned from them. These remains he considers in four groups, viz., the structural remains, the books, the bells, and the croziers and other relics.

Commencing with the historical and dated churches of the twelfth century, the typical features of which are that they consisted of nave and chancel, and had rounded arches with radiating joints over doors and windows with perpendicular sides, he traces back through various degrees of simplicity until he finds a structure of the rudest form and associated with the ancient Pagan form of dwelling, and this he with justice and on true scientific principles concludes, apart altogether from the question of the age at which any particular specimen may have been constructed, to be the original and typical form of the church or house of prayer and of worship of our earliest Christian ancestors.

The earliest form of domestic dwelling of which we have any remains is the circular hut constructed either of stones or of wood, with an earthen mound for foundation. When stone was the material used the dwelling assumed the form of a bee-hive, the stones projecting successively beyond those below them until they met, or nearly met, in the centre. That such was a common form of dwelling long before Christian times is a matter of which there can be no doubt. As Dr Arthur Mitchell has shown in the first course of Rhind Lectures, however, it would be unsafe to conclude of any individual specimen of this class of architecture that it was pro-Christian. He found such houses still in use as shealings in Lewis, and the present writer saw, within the last three years, a building of this class being constructed over a well within ten miles of Inverness. It is true, nevertheless, that we know of no more primitive type of dwelling, and we may therefore conclude that this was the earliest form. When therefore we find associated with these early domestic buildings a

very primitive style of building, but which was evidently a place of Christian worship, we may safely conclude that we have found the original form of Celtic Christian church. From the Brehon laws we learn that the complete homestead consisted of the dwellings of the family, with offices, houses surrounded by a ditch and rampart called a rath or cashel at the distance to which the master of the household, sitting at his door, could cast a spear or hammer. We know from various sources that the practice of the early missionary monks in Ireland and Scotland was to obtain from the chief of the tribe among which they came a grant of land. On this they formed a settlement according to the custom of the time, enclosing a space of ground by a mound and ditch, within which were built the dwellings of the brethren and the oratory, church, or place of prayer. Along the west coast of Ireland, in one or two places in the Western Islands of Scotland, and in Orkney, there are remains of such settlements associated still with traditions of early Scottish and Irish saints, and from these a sufficiently accurate idea can be formed of the appearance and construction of the church. It was a single chambered building—in the rudest form it was built of dry stones, and had no perpendicular side walls, the stones of these projecting in successive layers until they met, or nearly met, in the centre, being in fact a modification of the bee-hive construction, and giving the building somewhat the appearance of an upturned boat. But it was always rectangular in form, had the gables to the east and west, had a door in the west and a small window in the east, these having flat lintels and the jambs approaching each other at the top, and beneath the window a stone altar. It was therefore a distinct type of building, as different from the circular buildings with which it was associated as it was from any other known type of Christian church. Whence did our ancestors derive this type of building? This is a question to which we are not yet able to give an answer; but one would naturally conclude that it came from the same source as their Christianity, and that that was not from Europe.

That stone was not the only material used in the construction of churches and monastic buildings we know. In his life of St Columba Adamnan describes the monks as bringing branches from the mainland in their boats for the construction of their buildings, which were probably composed of wattles and mud, and in the old Irish life of Columba we are told that on one occasion "he sent his monks into the wood to cut wattles to make a church for himself in Derry." The probability is that the monks used the materials which were most convenient—when wood abounded, as at that time it appears to have done over the greater part of Scotland and Ireland, wood would naturally be used; on the sea coast and on islands off the coast wood would be scarce, and stones the most convenient material; and naturally it is only the stone buildings which have survived to our time. There is no reason, however, to conclude that the wood or wattle buildings were different in form from those of stone.

The only modification of this form of building which developed itself naturally in the Celtic Church was the round tower, always associated with a church, or the traditions of one, and sometimes structurally connected with a church. Of these there are only two in Scotland, at Brechin and Abernethy, but there are a number in Ireland; and the conclusion



of the author, in accordance with that of the best authorities, is that these towers were constructed as places of refuge when the Norwegians and Danes commenced to ravage our coasts. And we would venture the suggestion that when the ruins of churches are not found associated with these towers the reason is that the churches to which they belonged were constructed of wood.

Such are the structural remains of the ancient Celtic Church which have survived, and if we proceed to question them as to what manner of men the monks who used these buildings were, we should probably arrive at a very false conclusion. The buildings, both domestic and ecclesiastical, were of the very rudest kind, and entirely devoid of any pretence to architectural merit. But if we were to conclude from this that the monks who inhabited them were rude, unlettered, or uncultured men, we should be as far wrong as the Cockney tourist, who, when he sees a bothy without regular chimney, and the smoke issuing from door and window, concludes that the inhabitants are miserable ignorant savages, when they are in many cases more intelligent, and in many senses more cultured than the tourist himself, and with half his advantages would probably be in every respect his superior. On the contrary when we consider what we know of the early Celtic monks from other sources the lesson we learn is that the highest expression of a people's culture is not always or necessarily seen in their architecture. The Celtic clergy of the time of Columba, and for some centuries after, were, as we shall see, more learned than those of the rest of Europe, and as our author points out, Iceland, which had neither towns nor architecture, produced, previous to the introduction of printing, a larger native literature than any country in Europe.

As we have said, it is not easy to say whence the Celtic Church derived either its type of ecclesiastical building or its Christianity. It had developed its monastic system and had become missionary before it came in contact with the Church of Rome, and when it did it was found that many of its customs and traditions were distinct. It was not Episcopal in this sense that while it had bishops, who alone could perform certain ecclesiastical functions, they had no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and were subject to the abbots who were generally presbyters. St Columba, for instance, was a presbyter. It observed Easter at a different time, and the tonsure was different. In the Roman Church, as is well-known, the crown of the head is shaved, whereas in the Celtic Church the tonsure was from ear to ear on the front part of the head. The first contact of the Celtic Church with the Roman Church was in 590, when Columbanus (not to be confounded with St Columba), with twelve followers, went as missionaries to Gaul, and caused much surprise in the ecclesiastical world of the time. They conversed freely in Latin, and they gave the following account of themselves:—"We are Irish, dwelling in the very ends of the earth. We be men who receive naught beyond the doctrines of the evangelists and the apostles. The Catholic faith as it was first delivered by the successors of the holy apostles is still maintained among us with unchanged fidelity." And Columbanus himself gave this account of himself—"I am a Scottish pilgrim, and my speech and actions correspond to my name, which is, in Hebrew Jonah, in Greek Peristera, and in Latin Columba or dove," from which we may fairly presume that he was ac-

quainted with Greek and Hebrew as well as with Latin; and this we think could be said of very few of the continental clergy of that time. From the time of Columbanus for several centuries similar bands of missionaries went forth from Ireland and Scotland, and founded monasteries all over the continent, so that traces of them are to be found from Iceland to Italy. Gradually, however, these monasteries submitted to the jurisdiction of the Pope, and in Scotland and Ireland the Celtic Church disappeared like the Celtic land tenures before the advance of the general European system.

One of the leading distinctions of the Celtic monks was that they were diligent scribes. They developed a distinct style of writing and a most elaborate and beautiful style of ornamentation. Their manuscripts exist in large numbers on the continent in various places, and from these Zeuss, a learned German, reconstructed the ancient Irish language. On this subject Dr Reeves says—"It is a remarkable fact that the most important contribution ever made to the literature of the Irish language was the work of a man who never set foot on Irish soil. A foreigner, a German, in every way alien to the genius and manners of the people of Ireland, gathered from Helvetia and other parts of the continent the literary remains of the Irish as they were a thousand years ago, and from them reconstructed their ancient language," a feat which, as Dr Reeves says, could not have been performed in Ireland itself—for rich as Ireland is in national manuscripts, she has, except in a few fragments, none in the vernacular language earlier than the twelfth century—not be it observed that some of the compositions which have come down to us are not as old as St Columba himself, but the successive scribes who have copied them have modernised the language to suit their own time, and the earlier manuscripts have not survived.

Of the books more immediately connected with Scotland our author describes two—the Book of Deer and the Life of St Columba by Adamnan. Neither of these is now in Scotland. The Book of Deer was acquired by the University of Cambridge as part of the library of John Moor, Bishop of Norwich, in 1815. How it was acquired by the Bishop is not known, and it was not till 1858 that its real character was discovered. It consists of 86 parchment-folios written on both sides, and contains parts of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the whole of the gospel of John, a fragment of the office for the visitation of the sick, and the apostles' creed, and the pages are surrounded with ornamental borders of interlaced work peculiar to Celtic manuscripts, which we shall afterwards notice. The gospels, the office for visitation of the sick, and the apostles' creed are in Latin, with the exception of one rubric, which is in Gaelic, and at the end there is written in Gaelic a colophon, which is translated as follows:—

Be it on the conscience of every one in whom shall be for grace the Booklet with splendour, that he give a blessing on the soul of the wretchcock who wrote it.

The date of this book is, on good grounds, supposed to be not later than the eighth century, but the most interesting part of it is that on the margin and vacant spaces in the book there are a number of entries in the vernacular Gaelic of the period, and in different hands, some as late as the eleventh and twelfth centuries. These entries record various grants to the Monastery of Deer, in the north-east corner of Aberdeenshire. The

first and fullest entry gives the legend of the foundation of the Monastery, and is in the following terms :—

Columcille and Drostan, son of Crosgrath, his pupil, came from Hi, as God had shewn to them, unto Abbordoboir, and Bede the Piet was mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from mormaer and toisech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Columcille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked it of the mormaer, to wit Bede, that he should give it to him; and he did not give it, and a son of his took an illness after refusing the clerics, and he was nigh unto death. After this the mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should make prayer for the son, that health should come to him; and he gave an offering to them from Cloch in tiprate to Cloch pette meic grarnait. They made the prayer and health came to him. After that Columcille gave to Drostan that town, and blessed it, and left as his word, "Whosoever should come against it let him not be many-yeared or victorious." Drostan's tears came on parting from Columcille. Said Columcille, "Let *Dear* be its name henceforward."

The other entries are of the greatest interest, not only as throwing much light on the land tenures and modes of transfer of land of the time, but also as showing the great reverence in which Columcille and Drostan were held. Down to the reign of David I.—a period of five centuries—all the grants are to Columcille and Drostan; and even after that time, and notwithstanding that the old Celtic Church had given place to the Roman Church, the grants are still to God, and Columcille, and Drostan, and the Apostle Peter. The last entry is a Latin charter of David I., from which we learn that the book was produced to him and admitted as evidence that the clerics of Deer possessed their lands free of all secular service.

The *Life of St Columba*, by Adamnan, was discovered in 1845, in a chest in the public library of Schoffhausen. It is copied by Dorbene, who was Abbot of Iona, and died in 713—nine years after the death of Adamnan, who was himself Abbot of Iona in 670, 82 years after the death of St Columba, and, as he states, obtained his information from a "written authority anterior to my own time, or on what I have myself heard from some learned and faithful ancients unhesitatingly attesting facts the truth of which they had themselves diligently enquired into." This is undoubtedly the work of Adamnan, and a most invaluable contribution to our knowledge of the ancient Celtic Church and the history of the time, but the book is written in Latin and has in its form no distinctive Celtic characteristics.

In Ireland a number of manuscripts of very ancient date are preserved, some of which are with, we may say, more than probability, supposed to be written by St Columba himself, and the history of some of these as given by our author is most interesting. The great and distinguishing characteristic of all these, however, as of the Irish manuscripts preserved on the continent, is the style of ornamentation which is no less remarkable for its laborious and careful execution, its wonderful elaboration and beauty, than for the remarkable fact that it is a style peculiar to Celtic manuscripts, is found in no others, and is therefore a distinct outcome and manifestation of Celtic culture. The most remarkable of these is perhaps the Book of Kells or Gospel of Columcille. It is mentioned in the annals of Ulster, under the date 1006, as being the principal relic of the western world on account of its remarkable cover, and as having been stolen from the Monastery of Kells, and found after two months with the gold stolen off its cover. Dr Westwood, the greatest living authority, says "it is

unquestionably the most elaborately executed MS. of early art now in existence." And Giraldus Cambrensis, who saw it in the twelfth century, says of it :—

The more frequently I behold it, the more diligently I examine it, the more numerous are the beauties I discover in it, and the more I am lost in renewed admiration of it. Neither could Appelles himself execute the like. They really seem to have been designed and painted by a hand not mortal.

The manuscript is now in the library of the University of Dublin. It is not improbable that it was the work of St Columba—at an rate it was executed about his time and by a Celtic scribe who lived in a drystone beehive, or wattled hut.

The bells were another distinguishing feature of the Celtic Church. It possessed a type of bell as distinct as that of its churches and of its style of illumination. Without a drawing it is difficult to give an idea of the form of these bells, but our author describes them as "tall, narrow, and tapering with flattened ends and bulging sides, and having a looped handle at the top." The greater number of those now extant are made of iron, of a flat plate hammered into shape and riveted at the side, and coated with bronze, but a few are cast of bronze. Several of these exist in Scotland, a number in Ireland, one or two in England and Wales, and one or two on the continent in monasteries originally founded by Celtic missionaries. They are found nowhere else, are markedly distinct from the bells of any other church, and there can be no doubt that those which exist are very ancient, and they are generally associated with one or other of the Celtic saints. In this neighbourhood there is one iron bell of this class at Cawdor Castle, the history of which is not known ; and a bronze one in the church at Insh. The veneration with which these bells were regarded is shown by the circumstance that many of them were enshrined in cases, ornamented in a most elaborate style. The most remarkable of these is perhaps the bell of St Patrick. This is enshrined in a most elaborately ornamented case, on which is the following inscription :—

A prayer for Donald O'Lochlan, by whom this bell was made ; and for Donald the successor of St Patrick, for whom it was made ; and for Cathalan O'Mallcholland, the keeper of the bell ; and for Cuduley O'Inmainen, with his sons, who gave them help.

Donald O'Lochlan was alive in 1105, and as the bell itself was connected, by tradition at least, with St Patrick, we presume that it is to the making of the outer case that the inscription alludes. The keepership of the bell can be traced till 1466, when it is lost sight of, but in 1798 an old schoolmaster of the name of Mulholland on his deathbed left to an old pupil a treasure which he said had been for ages handed down in his family, and which turned out to be the bell of St Patrick and its shrine.

The fourth group of relics which Mr Anderson describes, and the only other existing relics of the ancient Celtic Church, are croziers, and it is not a little remarkable that in these we again find a distinct type peculiar to the Celtic Church—that type being the simple staff with crooked head, with a straightened pendant termination to the crook. These when they belonged to or were attributed to the early saints, were regarded with great sanctity, and ultimately came to be enshrined as relics. There are

a number of these in Ireland, but only two are known to exist in Scotland. One of these is the crozier, or Bachul More, of St Moluog. For centuries it was in the keeping of a family of the name of Livingstone, who, as its hereditary keepers, held a small freehold in the island of Lismore, and were locally styled "Barons of the Bachuil." It is now in possession of the Duke of Argyll. It is a plain wooden staff, 2 feet 10 inches long, and showing that it was at one time covered with plates of gilt copper, some of which remain. The other is the crozier, or, as it was called, the Quigrich of St Fillan. This was at one time a relic of great sanctity. It was originally beyond doubt the staff of office of the successors of St Fillan as Abbots of Glendochart. The property of this monastery (as was the case with that of the other Celtic monasteries) passed into the hands of the family of Macnab (son of the Abbot), as hereditary lay Abbots, and the Quigrich, like many other relics, passed into the custody of a lay Dewar or keeper. In 1782 an Oxford student who was travelling for pleasure in that part of the country saw the Quigrich, and a charter by James III., dated in 1487, confirming the custody of it to "Malise Doire," in the possession of a labourer named Malise Doire, in the village of Killin. He wrote to the Society of Antiquaries informing them of this, but before they took measures to secure the relic, Malise Doire emigrated to America, taking the Quigrich with him. It was lost sight of till 1876, when, by the assistance of Mr Wilson, author of the *Prehistoric Annals*, it was discovered in the possession of a descendant of Malise Doire, and purchased by the Society of Antiquaries, and is now in the museum in Edinburgh. It had originally been a bronze crozier of the Celtic type, ornamented with silver plates of very exquisite workmanship. When it was enshrined in a silver case the plates were removed and made part of the case or shrine, but the rest of the workmanship of the case is in every way inferior to these, and shows a decided degeneration from the ancient Celtic workmanship. In an account which he gives of this relic, Dr Stewart endeavours to prove that it was carried before the army of Bruce at Bannockburn; but Mr Anderson pronounces the evidence insufficient to bear this out, although he admits that the thing is not in itself improbable. Whether this were so or not, it will be seen that the relic is one of the very greatest possible interest, and a genuine relic of an ancient Celtic saint.

We have thus endeavoured to give some idea of the materials with which our author deals. As we have said, the history of some of the relics is in itself most interesting. To paraphrase Dr Johnston, we may say he must be cold and insensible indeed, more especially if he be a Celt, whose deepest interest is not excited and whose piety does not grow warm by the thought that we have still among us things on which the loving labour of St Columba and his contemporaries were expended. But the greatest interest of these relics lies in what they tell us of the men who laboured at them. It is as singular as it is true that in Ireland and Scotland (and between these two countries in those times it must be kept distinctly in mind that as regards the Church there was no distinction) a Christian Church arose and developed a very distinct organisation, long before the Saxons and the inhabitants of the north of Europe were converted, and apart altogether from the influence of the remains of Roman civilization and of the church which acknowledged the Bishop of Rome as its head,

From the material relics of that Church which have come down to us, and which in the book before us are so well described, we learn that the clerics of that Church were men of learning, all of them being able to read Latin, and many of them acquainted also with Greek and Hebrew. That they were men much reverencing the holy men who had been the fathers of the Church. That they were men of much piety, as shown in the care and labour with which they transcribed the sacred books and ornamented them and the other objects of their reverence. That they possessed types of churches and of church furniture peculiar to themselves, but whence derived we know not; and that they were skilful and laborious artists both with their pen and in metal. And if their houses and their churches were rude, what then? As our author has pointed out, enough of their culture remains to tell us that any conclusion from this that the men themselves were like their structures, would be rash indeed, and that the highest expression of a people's culture is not necessarily expressed in its architecture. But we will venture to draw another lesson, and it is this, that perhaps the expression of the very highest thought of these men as Christian missionaries is to be read in these very rude stone structures. It is remarkable that the earlier Celtic saints were not martyrs but the founders of monasteries, and from this we may conclude that they set up no pretensions to worldly power or influence which could have excited the hostility of the rude and barbarous tribes among whom they settled. Their business was to found small Christian colonies, in which they lived, labouring for their daily bread, and striving to win men to the truth by the example which they set of pure and simple lives. The religious idea with which they were possessed, and which drew them into desert islands to meditate and pray, and into waste places among the heathen to save souls, did not express itself in the organisation of a powerful hierarchy, or of an elaborate ecclesiastical system, but in a pure, and pious, and self-sacrificing life. It cannot be that such artists as these men were in other departments could not, had they chosen, have built stately edifices, and we prefer to think that they were satisfied with, or, perhaps, chose the rude architecture of the people among whom they laboured, because their thoughts were set on higher things than their own comfort or a stately and pompous form of worship.

Such was the ancient Celtic Church; but, alas! like many other Celtic institutions, it has vanished; and to us now it is only left lovingly to study its relics, and stretching through the intervening darkness to try to catch something of the spirit which animated its brave and much enduring saints. To those who care to do this, we most heartily recommend the book of which we have endeavoured to give some imperfect account.

We cannot part with the book without a word as to the publisher's hand in it. It is all that could be wished, and the numerous illustrations are executed in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. In especial we would call attention to the reproductions of specimens of ornamentation from ancient manuscripts. The execution of these is beyond praise, and they give a wonderful representation of the care and marvellous elaboration of detail of the originals.

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